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FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

April 12, 1945

The work, my friends, is peace, more than an end of the war—an end to the beginning of all wars, yes, an end, forever, to this impractical, unrealistic settlement of the differences between governments by the mass killing of peoples.

Today as we move against the terrible scourge of war—as we go forward toward the greatest contribution that any generation of human beings can make in this world—the contribution of lasting peace, I ask you to keep up your faith. I measure the sound, solid achievement that can be made at this time by the straight-edge of your own confidence and your resolve. And to you, and to all Americans who dedicate themselves with us to the making of an abiding peace, I say:

The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith.

—From the speech written the night before he died.

Notes on Power Politics

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE cynical ease with which the Soviet Union and the United States by-pass the United Nations whenever its operations promise to interfere with immediate national interests must dishearten even the most trustful believer in collective security. In terms of vetos and flat refusals to cooperate, the Soviet score is far ahead of ours. In terms of getting what we unilaterally want while preserving an outward show of loyalty to the U. N., this country is miles in the lead.

Why was it necessary for Russia to veto the mild and diluted resolution in the Security Council declaring that the mine-field off the Albanian coast could not have been laid "without the knowledge of the Albanian authorities"? Certainly the presumption of such knowledge was overwhelmingly strong; if Mr. Gromyko believed it had not been established by positive evidence, he could reasonably have abstained from voting and urged that the case be submitted to the International Court of Justice. His veto plainly indicated that the Russian position was taken on strict political grounds. He voted to support his "side," not to remedy a just grievance. By doing so, he reduced still further the capacity of the Council to act as an effective instrument for the settlement of international disputes.

Exactly the same must be said of the behavior of the United States in the matter of its claim for absolute trusteeship over the former Japanese mandated islands, and the waters between and around them. The fact that Mr. Austin bullied a unanimous vote out of the Council makes no more than a formal difference; in fact, his elaborate "correctness" enveloped an essentially unilateral action in an aura of hypocritical piety that more than one nation must have found hard to take. With a great show of virtue, Mr. Austin said he would not use the veto to win his case; he would only withdraw the trusteeship offer altogether! In other words, the Council would either accept the American terms to the letter or we wouldn't play.

Two moderate changes proposed by Britain and Russia —the first forbidding the United States to give preferential treatment to American commercial interests in the islands; the second permitting the Security Council to alter or terminate the trusteeship agreement, a purely theoretical right in view of the veto—were peremptorily rejected by Mr. Austin. As a result, the United States has achieved total and permanent control under cover of trusteeship; and has done so by applying a concealed veto which will no doubt be studied with sympathetic interest by nations dominating other areas of strategic importance.

A COMPARABLE device to save the appearance of collective action while maintaining the reality of national power, has been thought up by Senator Vandenberg and attached as an amendment to the Administration's bill to provide "aid" to Greece and Turkey.

When President Truman announced that we must act

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alone in those countries because the United Nations was not strong enough to take on the job, he too applied a veto, in fact if not in form, to possible United Nations action. Public and Congressional criticism of his plan has centered largely on this cool by-passing of the U. N., with all the implications of power politics and imperialist commitments the move entails. The publication of the remarkable F. A. O. report on Greek economic needs and the steps required to meet them under the U. N. left the Truman position even less defensible and the power aspect of the new doctrine embarrassingly exposed.

Obviously, Mr. Vandenberg's object was to drape the nakedness of American intentions with a few rags of United Nations authority. But the unreality of his amendment, even as further amended by the State Department, is likely to defeat its purpose, even though it is included in the measure which the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has unanimously reported. Having usurped prerogatives rightfully belonging to the United Nations, we now magnanimously propose to permit the United Nations, after the fact, to put a stop to our actions in Greece and Turkey if it decides they are "unnecessary or undesirable"—and if it is prepared to carry them on itself.

How odd a procedure! If we are really so concerned with the opinion and authority of the U. N. that we give it the power to order us out of Greece and Turkey, why did we not at least consult it before deciding to go in? (Indeed, we might even consult it now before Congress votes on the bill.) Or, conversely, if unilateral action was dictated by the urgent necessities of the situation, how can we safely allow the U. N. to decide, by majority vote, when that necessity has come to an end? Mr. Reston, writing in the New York *Times*, has pointed out a number of legal difficulties in the amended amendment, which will no doubt be overcome by further editing before the bill is passed upon. But no rewriting will obliterate the falsity of a formula which rests on our certain knowledge that the Security Council will never muster a majority against a crucial policy supported by the United States and Great Britain. We are risking nothing by the Vandenberg amendment, and so we shall win nothing either—except further suspicion of our motives at home and abroad.

The Shape of Things

JOHN L. LEWIS HAS SCORED HEAVILY IN THE latest rounds of his fast and furious political battle with the Administration. He has shown that the blow struck him by the Supreme Court—a blow he considers definitely below the belt—did not knock him out but merely made him more angry and more dangerous. Al-

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ways the asute strategist, he seized on the Centralia disaster as a means of shutting down the industry in defiance of the injunction against a strike on April 1, and got away with it. Secretary of the Interior Krug countered by attempting to put more responsibility for safety on the United Mine Workers. He ordered 518 mines closed until the local unions declared them to be safe. Lewis came back with a demand that all mines be closed until certified as safe by federal inspectors. This demand has been rejected as unreasonable, but union committees throughout the country are likely to take it as a hint to appeal to their contract clause allowing them to withdraw from any pit where conditions appear to offer "imminent danger." We seem, therefore, to be in for a prolonged stoppage designed to prove that come hell, high water, or the Supreme Court, John L. Lewis is still the Big Boss. The price the miners will pay in the form of lost wages for this demonstration may be a large one and the cost to the country's economy will be heavy. We can only hope that some gain will be achieved in the form of better safety provisions. The present system, with responsibility divided between the federal government and the states, is most unsatisfactory. At Centralia, the federal men reported unsafe conditions months ago, but the Illinois Department of Mines was too busy shaking down operators for contributions to Republican funds to take any action.

*

AT A PRESS CONFERENCE ON MARCH 26, THE President urged business men to note the handwriting on the wall and cut prices before it was too late. The fact that, by and large, industrial profit margins provide ample scope for such cuts will not be news to *Nation* readers who recall the articles by Simon Lesser and Keith Hutchison in our January 18 and March 15 issues. What is news is that the views of these writers are now being echoed in unexpected places. We have, for instance, so conservative a columnist as Mark Sullivan of the New York *Herald Tribune* pointing to the abnormal level of companies' earnings and asserting that "in the light of profits already made, and before more are made, the sound course for the country's economic health is to reduce prices." We have Edwin Feldman, a director of the National Association of House Dress Manufacturers, telling a gathering of business men that in his opinion the swollen profits of the textile industry indicated that recent price increases in textiles were wholly unwarranted. And a writer in the *Journal of Commerce* points out that in the first quarter of this year production has been running far ahead of national income. In order to take the whole current output off the market, he concludes, it would be necessary for prices to fall on the average by 21 per cent. There are many straws to indicate that the kind of wind that blew our economy inside-out in 1920 is again gathering force. Department-store sales are lagging; inventories are mounting, and so is the volume of outstanding bank credit; business failures are tending upward; unemployment is increasing. But aggregate profits for the first quarter of this year will probably hang up an all-time record. That points to a dangerous unbalance which, if uncorrected by voluntary price reductions, may lead in short order to a business landslide.

*

HERE ARE TWO PIECES OF GOOD NEWS, BOTH concerning justice. The twenty-two conscientious objectors Henry Geiger wrote about on March 22 in *The Nation* have received suspended sentences and paroles from Judge Charles J. Cavanaugh in Los Angeles. These men, readers will remember, were being tried for their post-war strike in the Glendora, California, civilian-public-service camp against conditions of forced labor without compensation. That they are men of worth and integrity is proved not only by Judge Cavanaugh's action but by the fact that the paroled strikers are now appealing to a higher court for a reversal of their suspended sentences, at much cost to themselves in both time and cash. . . . And from Washington comes the news that Lieutenant Colonel James A. Killian's name has been stricken by President Truman from the list of nominees for the rank of full colonel. Killian, of course, ought never to have been on the list submitted by the War Department, since his conduct in command of the disciplinary barracks at Lichfield, England, was not only unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, but unbecoming any balanced, decent human being. Under the law, his recommendation for promotion was automatic, due to seniority. Secretary of War Patterson has urged Congress to permit army promotion by merit rather than by seniority, and that too is good news.

*

IN THE OLD DAYS, WHEN MURDER ON THE most modest scale was good for a front-page spread, no one but a raving maniac would have dreamed that in 1947 a man would stand in a court of law and hear himself convicted of four million killings. Still less could one have imagined that the defendant would plead guilty but insist that he had murdered "only two million"—or that the verdict would rate no more than a stick of type on page eleven of the New York *Times*. Yet this is a precise summary of the case of Rudolf Hoess, who has just been sentenced to hang for having wiped out a population greater than Chicago in the gas chambers of the Oswiecim horror camp. Orders are orders, said Hoess. "If I had been told to gas and burn my wife and children, I would have done it, of course." Let those who would let bygones be bygones, who would ease up on denazification for the sake of "efficiency," think occasionally of Herr Hoess and his four million murders, and of the insanely diseased state in whose name he acted.

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The Masks Are Off

AFTER ten weeks of abuse, ranging from cloudy innuendo to character assassination in the first degree, it is reasonably certain that by the time this issue reaches our readers David E. Lilienthal will have been confirmed by the United States Senate. If so, the country can take comfort that a majority of the Senate has not seen fit to reject as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission an honest man, magnificently and peculiarly equipped for the post. But heartening as this may be, Lilienthal's appointment itself has for some time been a subordinate issue in the Lilienthal affair. What started out as Senator McKellar's private spite campaign against the man who denied him TVA patronage, became in time a free-for-all in which masks were ripped off and Senators stood revealed on the most burning issues of the day.

In the early stages of the Senate fight, there was at least a pretense that the issue was Lilienthal's alleged radicalism. No one took seriously the senile bleating of McKellar, but there is no doubt that Taft, Wherry, White, and lesser Republicans of the extreme right hoped, though they hardly expected, to make New Dealism a bar to high public office. To the lasting credit of such Republicans as Vandenberg, Knowland, and Hickenlooper, who led the fight within the G. O. P., this dangerous doctrine was denied a birth.

It became apparent soon enough that to a sizeable group of Senators the heart of the battle was not Lilienthal's personal philosophy at all but the old clash between public power and private utilities. By discrediting Lilienthal—and TVA—men like Bridges of New Hampshire hoped at least to slip a foot in the doorway behind which lies the whole vast world of atomic power with untold millions in potential profit.

The third major issue that emerged in the heat of battle on the Senate floor was the question of military versus civilian control over atomic energy—an issue that the Senate itself had supposedly settled in the 79th Congress. Hints that the military clique had not yet surrendered were dropped even during the Senate committee hearings, when General Groves's name cropped up repeatedly and Bernard Baruch expressed open regret that the Senate had excluded the military from the commission. But it remained for Senator Taft to come out bluntly and repudiate his own earlier vote. Pressed by Senator McMahon, he admitted that he would favor returning control of atomic energy to a military commission. At this point in the discussion, Capehart of Indiana introduced the question of the Truman policy in Greece and asked in seeming innocence why, in view of the world situation, it would not be "a sensible program . . . to return atomic energy to the military forces, where it belongs."

Having pushed their anti-Lilienthal arguments to such unplanned lengths, it was inevitable that the Taft crowd should go the rest of the way and repudiate the entire American position on atomic energy as put forth in the United Nations. It was all a terrible blunder, said Taft. On the international body that would control American atomic plants, "the great bulk of the personnel would be foreigners"—a bad feature of all those international arrangements. Sovereignty would be killed. Gromyko was right. Thus faded the bi-partisan foreign policy—and with it the neat but artificial division in the G. O. P., whereby Vandenberg was to guide it in the field of foreign affairs and Taft in matters domestic.

It is clear that the implications of the Lilienthal fight will only now begin to be felt. The commission itself will have to draw its every breath with care. But if its life is to be precariously lived, so is that of the Republican Party, which has recklessly exposed its deep divisions, its lack of program, and its general incompetence.

America and the I.T.O.

ON APRIL 8, representatives of eighteen leading trading nations gathered at Geneva, Switzerland, to participate in the second preparatory conference of the International Trade Organization and to begin negotiations for the reciprocal reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers. These two tasks are intimately connected. The draft charter of the I. T. O., which is to be reviewed by the conference, provides for a code of international economic behavior which, if generally adopted, would tend to prevent economic warfare and to promote international cooperation in the achievement of an expanding world economy. The reciprocal negotiations will serve as a kind of advance test of the principles of the charter. If they succeed, the prospects of putting the I. T. O. on a firm foundation will be immeasurably increased; if they fail, the I. T. O. may prove an empty dream.

The heaviest responsibility for success or failure falls on the United States. It is in this country that the techniques of reciprocal trade agreements have been developed and the I. T. O. is basically an American conception. Moreover, we have preached for years to the world about the varied sins of restrictionism—sometimes forgetting that we indulge in most of them ourselves. And we have used economic pressure to obtain support for our program; for instance, by making acceptance of the I. T. O. in principle a precondition of the British and French loans. Yet, despite this record of leadership, other nations represented at Geneva are wondering whether they can trust us to stand by our own child.

Ever since the G. O. P. victory last November, the protectionist forces in this country have been working to undermine the international economic policies of the government. Thanks to Senators Vandenberg and Millikin, Congressional attempts to make a direct assault on the I. T. O. and to obtain an indefinite postponement of the

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reciprocal-trade negotiations have been frustrated. Nevertheless, the Administration has been placed on the defensive and has been forced to promise the inclusion of "escape clauses" in all agreements. In addition, it has been driven to give the impression that no tariff changes that threaten serious injury to any industry will be made.

Literally interpreted, that undertaking would serve to vitiate the whole campaign for freer trade. The truth is—and the American people deserve to have this made clear to them—that most drastic downward revisions in the United States tariff are required if American foreign trade is to be placed on a sound basis. We are at present selling abroad some $10 billion worth of goods annually. If we want to continue to do this–and the pressure to export will increase as wartime domestic deficiencies are made up—we shall have to buy foreign goods and services to the same amount and, if foreign loans are to be repaid, we shall have to import more than we export. That means at least doubling the present volume of imports, a feat which is not going to be accomplished by swapping minor concessions with other countries. It will require, rather, the wide opening of doors to goods that can be more cheaply produced abroad and, undoubtedly, the immediate result will be most unpleasant for those industries which for years have enjoyed a parasitic growth behind tariff walls. The least efficient units in such industries will be likely to fall by the wayside and there will be a forced shift of capital and labor to other fields.

Such economic readjustments are always extremely painful but let no one suppose they can be avoided by leaving the tariff unchanged. For in that case we could continue to sell goods abroad on the present scale only so long as we were prepared to finance the excess of exports by foreign loans. When we got tired of this business of inviting defaults—the loans could only be repaid in goods—we would experience a tremendous slump in exports. That would mean the severe shrinkage of agricultural production, with the ruin of thousands of farmers, and curtailed output for our most efficient industries which are the ones most interested in export markets.

There is another point. Failure to achieve a better balance in world trade through the I. T. O. must lead to other countries depending more and more on bilateral exchanges of goods on the basis of deals between governments. Nations with planned and semi-socialized economies are much better equipped to use such methods than the United States, which relies on private enterprise to carry on its foreign commerce. If, at Geneva, plans to provide a sturdy framework for a system of multilateral trade are defeated, we are likely to find the United States government forced into the export-import business.

Is this what the G. O. P. wants? Obviously not and, dubious as we ourselves are about many of the "blessings" of private enterprise, we do not want to see socialism smuggled in by this back door. The price at which it would be secured would be much too high. It would include a loss of most of the advantages of the international division of labor, the reduction of international trade to a minimum, chronic economic warfare, and, in the not very long run, a new shooting war. We hope, therefore, that our representatives at Geneva will reassert American leadership boldly.

The Clash at Moscow

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Moscow, April 7

TODAY, at the beginning of the fifth week of the Foreign Ministers' conference, there is a disgruntled and even disgusted look on many faces —at the Moskva Hotel, at the Russian Foreign Office, at the British, American, and French embassies. But let us not say, as others are saying, "The conference has failed." There was no question of its "succeeding" in the sense that it could have produced a complete draft treaty "with" or "on" Germany. There was probably only one remark by Marshall throughout the conference with which Molotov cordially agreed: "It is more important to build solidly than to build fast." And Bevin, for his part, always took the view that treaty-making with Germany was a long process unlike any other treaty-making. He thought there would be a succession of Foreign Ministers' meetings, each of which would produce a new set of instructions for the Control Council and finally, after perhaps two years, the peace treaty itself would in fact simply "register" a certain status quo.

This is indeed unlike any other peace treaty. In the German problem, everything, or very nearly everything, is closely interrelated and interdependent. Political structure, demilitarization, economic unity, reparations, industry level, are closely linked. No agreement can be reached on a single issue without at the same time coming to a clear decision on all the rest. One might think of these five fundamental questions (there are others, but they matter less) as five horses on a race track whose task it is to arrive simultaneously at the finish. But when horse "Political Structure" has run halfway to the finish, and three others are only a few yards from the start, while "Reparations" is limping miserably even further behind, the prospect of the simultaneous arrival of all five at the finishing post is still in the dim future. Or to use a less elaborate simile: the problems of the German peace

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treaty are like ships in a convoy where the whole convoy's speed is determined by its slowest ship.

Industry level and reparations were the subject of a closed session of the Foreign Ministers' conference last Tuesday, and it was then that things went seriously wrong. After a three-and-a-half hours' meeting, the laconic announcement was made that "no decisions have been taken." And after that, for the rest of what had promised to be the most important week of the conference, the meeting with press officers Bohlen, Rudsnale, and Offroy on today's developments resembled a chorus of loud yawns; nobody could get excited about whether Bevin's proposal concerning the representation of the *länder* in the Advisory Council had been accepted or Molotov's proposal on the right of zonal commanders to veto certain decisions of the central German agencies had been rejected.

As I wrote in my last article, some agreement on reparations was the key to progress. The main facts about this problem are well known. The Russians have been taking reparations from the Soviet zone, both in equipment and in current production. No figure has been given so far, though Molotov declared he would state in due course "up to the last kopek" what had been taken out. But the Russians deny that it amounts to very much. The Russians claim that they must have ten billion dollars of reparations—"only a small fraction of the damage caused to the Soviet Union by Germany" (which, of course, is perfectly true). They keep producing a secret Yalta agreement signed by Stalin and Roosevelt (though not by Churchill—and Bevin explained why Churchill didn't sign it, saying that the British government, including Bevin, kicked hard at the very suggestion). The British and Americans argue that Potsdam superseded this "tentative" Yalta agreement. Whereupon *Pravda* protests violently: "It was a soldiers' oath, not a tentative agreement." The British emphasize that no situation can be allowed in which Britain and America will be paying Russian reparations; Allied advances to Germany and the occupation costs must be paid first, and if the industry level is to be raised it is in order to put Germany on a sound economic basis and not primarily, as the Russians imagine, to pay reparations. The most the British will admit—though not yet officially—is that once the Anglo-American advances have been repaid by Germany and Germany is a going concern and there is an import-export surplus—then the Russians may get some reparations. Perhaps in five years, perhaps in ten years. Marshall, however, wouldn't accept even this principle of "deferred reparations" and has produced a tentative proposal about "compensating" Russia for the plants which they would not receive under the Potsdam agreement, owing to raising the industry level, by the equivalent in value of the deliveries from current production. Now the Russians have been extremely persistent in saying that western Germany has about three-fourths of the German industrial potential. It is now proposed to step up the industry level very considerably. What does this mean in practice? The Marshall proposal is surrounded by such a mass of conditions and provisos that it may add up to nothing in terms of tangible reparations. At best it means this: since the industry level is to be increased and the 15 percent of dismantled plants in western Germany will represent something exceedingly small from the standpoint of Russian reparations, a little extra to make up for the difference, a few odds and ends from current production, may be given to the Russians to shut them up.

The whole idea is presented to the Russians in a rather lordly manner as a gift from Uncle Sam. The reaction in the British delegation is significant: "Gosh, even we could do better than that. The Americans really are childish sometimes. To the Russians, reparations are a material issue, but above all they are a great moral issue—you have only to see the devastation in their country. Our American friends do have this charming but sometimes irritating habit of producing some adolescent brainwave and dressing it up as an act of statesmanship. This Marshall proposal is either that or simply a gratuitous insult. Anyway, it's about time a serious proposal were made. But this sort of thing won't get us anywhere."

The French, who are not "adolescent," have certainly produced a much more reasonable proposal—to set up a committee of inquiry to estimate how many years it would take with a higher industry level for Germany to balance her payments and pay off the British and American advances (since they insist these must have priority) and how soon a surplus will be left for reparations. The French think it will take two to three years, the Americans five years, the British ten years; but nobody knows exactly. All the more reason, say the French, why such an inquiry commission is desirable. In this there is a possibility for compromise and agreement, but meantime the deadlock is almost complete. The Russians are reluctant to abandon what they think is a modest claim of ten billion dollars ("only a little more than twice the American loan to Britain—and look at our devastation!"). But they would certainly consider some long-term scheme if it were offered them, provided it solved their reparations problem.

What naturally complicates matters is that the Russians so far have not produced any facts or figures about what they have taken from the eastern zone. But since they are not sure they are wanted to share in the control of the western zones, they are in no hurry to reveal anything beyond saying: "The Allies took out much more from Germany than we"—a charge against which Marshall has already violently protested.

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Meanwhile, the Russians, for their part, are obviously in no hurry to conclude a peace treaty with Austria, and the British are saying that General Mark Clark and Gusev, who are deputies on the committee for the Austrian treaty, have developed such a personal hatred for each other that work has become practically impossible.

Nor have the talks on the Anglo-Soviet alliance made much progress so far. There is a strong impression that neither the Americans nor the Russians are in a hurry with this conference and both think—though for different reasons—that time is on their side—the Americans because they think the Russians will get into worse and worse economic difficulties in the Soviet zone and six months hence will be in a more reasonable mood to eat out of Uncle Sam's hand; the Russians, on the contrary, because they are now at the lowest post-war economic ebb, and six months hence, with a good harvest, will be in a less unfavorable position to be squeezed. Also they believe the anti-Red phobia in the United States may blow over by then.

As for the externals of the conference, as I already reported a month ago, there is nothing even remotely reminiscent of Congress of Vienna gaiety. These four men don't speak like wartime allies. The Americans especially speak to the Russians as they would speak to potential or probable enemies. Molotov is fairly calm; Bevin makes cracks tempered by touches of good-natured leg pulling; but Vishinsky goes off into public-prosecutor harangues on the German deputies' committee. The ordinary amenities of diplomatic decorum are hardly being observed by anybody—not even by the French who say, "Coal or nothing," which produces a growl from Bevin, "Are you trying to blackmail me?"

Britain Without Empire: II

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The first part of Mr. Laski's article, dealing with Britain's retirement from the Middle East, appeared in the March 29 issue of* The Nation.]

London, March 28

INDIA AND BURMA

NO ONE can deny to Mr. Attlee and his colleagues both courage and imagination in their handling of India and Burma. They have acted as good Socialists in taking risks for freedom. They have given the Indian and Burmese peoples the power to share their own futures. This is a turning point in the history of Empire. If there is a more remarkable example of the renunciation of its authority by a great power, I do not know of it.

No doubt that decision creates profound difficulties in the case of India, which may be driven toward the tragedy of civil war by the aggressive refusal of the Moslem leaders to cooperate unless they are given their fantastic demand for the unreal and unworkable Pakistan. It is the Socialist view that the British government cannot be blackmailed by Mr. Jinnah and his followers into maintaining control over an India which resents its suzerainty to a point where it could only be maintained by force. If Mr. Churchill shows that he has learned nothing from the American Revolution, nothing even from that Irish Revolution he saw at first hand, a Socialist government cannot allow itself to lose its soul in fighting to maintain the authority of Great Britain as an alien power either in India or in Burma. These countries, having won their national freedom by consent, will be far more ready for friendly relations with Britain than they would be if that freedom were obtained only after bloody conflict.

Generosity paid Great Britain in South Africa; the fulfilment of an honorable pledge has, as the war recently made clear, paid handsome dividends to the United States. I hope strongly that India and Burma will safeguard their new status as independent communities, when their emancipation is effected, by treaties of mutual support, defensive and economic, within the framework of the United Nations. From the angle of trade, in particular, I am confident that the new relationship offers far better commercial prospects to Great Britain than it would enjoy if what capitalist reaction likes to call "a partnership" were reduced to a sullen succession of boycotts, strikes, and rebellions. The decision to quit India and Burma safeguards good-will, preserves British manpower at a time when it is sorely needed for production at home, and economizes upon an expenditure which ever since the time of Clive has brought benefits to a small privileged class but not to the community as a whole.

I believe, therefore, that this step will strengthen, and not weaken, the power of Great Britain. It will lessen its military burden. As India becomes industrialized, a process likely to be rapid, I believe that it will become an important new market, not least for British heavy industries; and I believe that this wise act of renunciation will win good-will for our people all over the Far East. I do not accept the view that Oriental nations only understand government by the "strong hand." That may be largely true of their ruling classes, which, in their feudal

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despotism, have only fear of freedom. But the ancient East is now in the midst of a vast revolution, itself part of a world revolution, in which those ruling classes will be increasingly compelled to justify and therefore to defend their right to power. They will be ever less able to do so as industrialization in the East moves on relentlessly; indeed, the fact that they are an anachronism will be ever more obvious. By the step the Labor government has taken in this area, it has joined the emerging future, instead of staying, as Mr. Churchill would have it stay, with the decaying past.

HONGKONG AND MALAYA

I regret that the Labor government decided to keep Hongkong and not to announce terms for its return to China. When the lease of Kowloon runs out, Hongkong will be indefensible, and a strong Chinese government is bound to seek for its possession. I should not be willing to see it handed over unconditionally to the present reactionary government of the Generalissimo and his cohorts of bandit generals and rapacious merchants; but its return to a unified China, seeking with all the patient persistence of the Chinese people to apply democratic principles to its own economic development, would be a different matter. Since the growth of Hongkong is almost wholly due to British effort, I think we are entitled to ask reasonable compensation for its return. Yet it is the part of wisdom to be generous and just. We cannot and we shall not want to go to war to keep Hongkong. It seems obvious, therefore, that statesmanship consists in leaving it under circumstances which strengthen every bond of Anglo-Chinese cooperation.

The loss of Singapore in 1942 was one of the most disastrous blows to British prestige that we suffered during the war; in a sense, it was a second, perhaps even more serious, Pearl Harbor. With our return to the Malay States and the building of their new federal relationship, our task there is a dual one. First and foremost, it is to civilize without exploitation; and, second, it is to make available for the world the vital resources of this rich area. There is small reason to suppose that the Malayan Federation will be ripe, at any early stage, for full self-government. But there is good reason for assuming that we could do in Malaya a great work patterned upon the remarkable achievements of Soviet Russia with its national minorities, notably with the Tartar Republic. I should like to see Great Britain buy out all private non-Malay owners in this area and seek to manage their mines and plantations under a system of public corporations directed by specialists engaged for that purpose, who would also have the task of developing increasing Malayan association in this enterprise. I do not doubt that this would be difficult, but, again, I think it would put Great Britain on the side of a future which, however long postponed, is nevertheless—if there be no Third World War—the inevitable shape of things to come.

AFRICA

The British problem in Africa is important, but it is not grave. No one seriously supposes that any one of our African colonies is ripe for self-government, or can be permitted to embark upon it. The real problem is how to get such a combination of imaginative insight and courage into the Colonial Office as will accomplish two things —one negative, and one positive. The negative thing is a stern and unbending refusal to give white settlers any final right to determine policy in our African colonies or to expropriate any more land or mineral rights, together with a prohibition of segregation and of compulsory labor for any but public purposes. The other, the positive thing, is rapid and audacious experimentation in the field of native education and in that of the cooperative marketing of native-produced crops under government supervision. The one issue upon which all our African policy turns is whether we are going to prepare for equality or to insist upon subordination.

I welcome the real but small effort the Colonial Office is making to increase the area of education in Africa; but it is not enough, not nearly enough. And we can too easily become so complacent about it—and about the new work of agricultural and labor advisers in this region—as to make our effort that homage of hypocrisy that vice, as La Rochefoucauld said, is wont to offer to virtue. There is little that can be defended in the parasitic record of white settlers in our African colonies; they live by a peonage at which I think even the citizens of Mississippi or Georgia would blush. Even less is to be said for the powerful absentee companies which own the great copper interests in Rhodesia; their fantastic dividends have been built upon indefensible African wage rates and have been made even more scandalous by the stolid refusal of their white employees to allow even a narrow gate of opportunity to be opened to African labor.

In short, the problem confronting Great Britain in Africa is the same in kind, if more complex and intense, as that so superbly described by Professor Myrdal in his "American Dilemma." And the answer is the same. We in Britain have everything to gain and nothing to lose by assisting the African to advance his standard of life, to get education, to develop the capacity to stand on his own feet, as he is drawn ever deeper into the consequences of industrialism. The greater his effective wants, the more advantageous are our mutual relations. The present situation merely benefits a small number of British settlers and British shareholders at the expense of the whole tax-paying community of this country. The fact that it provides employment for a few thousand civil servants, doctors, agricultural specialists, engineers, teachers, accountants, and so on is of quite minor importance when compared to the immense advantages we should gain from an educated Africa, using the latest agricultural methods, increasing the product per acre of its soil, de-

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veloping its herds of cattle so that they become significant in the world market, mining its own ores, able, as it becomes the real master of its own resources, to become responsible proportionately for its own administration.

THE WEST INDIES

We are pledged to a great scheme of development for the West Indies. We have to change these "slums of Empire" into communities where economic adequacy makes self-government effective. Of the quality of the people there is no doubt. One of the ablest of my own colleagues is a West Indian Negro from Saint Lucia, who is not only one of the most promising of the younger economists in Great Britain but also, as he proved during the recent war in the Colonial Office, an administrator of exceptional talent. Responsible and representative government is already going through its inevitable growing pains in the West Indies; there will be no going back upon its implications. What the islands need, apart from political federation, is more education, more cheap capital, less economic dependence upon absentee ownership, and, above all, a plan to make them less tied to their staple industries, with more effective stabilization of prices, a better system of cooperative marketing, and a more determined attack on the evils of poor housing and bad health. There is real evidence that the report of the Royal Commission on the West Indies, completed as war broke out, awakened the Colonial Office to the need for action. But what is required is not very likely to be provided if, as during the war, when the possibilities of economic planning need to be surveyed the Colonial Office intrusts the task to an economist who starts from the postulate that a planned society is bound to fail.

There is slow but steady improvement in the colonial empire. It is not dramatic. It is not even always imaginative. And it is, as in Kenya and Rhodesia especially, far too tender of the vested interests of white settlers and of absentee economic control. But it does move: and in Mr. A. Creech Jones there is at last a colonial secretary who wants it to move. His problem is partly the need for imagination and audacity among his permanent officials in London, and partly the shortage of competent advisors, especially economists, who can be sent abroad. If we can get there, a new epoch may open in the development of the colonial peoples. But there must be a willingness in London to experiment quickly and widely with the institutions of self-government. Paternalism, however well meaning, is no substitute for freedom. And planning for democratic freedom will not come from men half of whose official lives has been passed in devotion to laissez-faire. Given ten years of positive experiment on the grand scale, we might well see a colonial revolution. But the supreme condition of its achievement will depend on the realization that the presence of raw materials in any territory is a reason for keeping out the white investor and not offering him a new field for exploitation. We are beginning a new chapter in the record. We are not writing annotations upon an old and outmoded text.

Monument to Hitler

BY KAY BOYLE

Offenbach, Germany, March

FIVE days ago I was riding through German country in a jeep, and the highways were black with ice, and gusts of snow as fine and dry as sand blew sharply across them. The side roads were three inches deep with a fresh, untouched fall of snow. The driver of the jeep was a tall colored man from Georgia who wore a fur cap on his head, and he'd been three years in Europe. He said this cold was as bad as any he'd yet seen. Driving out from Frankfurt toward Hanau, there had been the scattered areas of destruction—halted, suspended destruction, it had seemed, with the houses and factories ready to crumble and yet not crumbling, as if waiting still for the final bomb to fall. But out in the country the forests were thick and unbroken, and a transparent film of ice lay like a frozen veil across the summits of the trees. The hamlets we passed through were shockingly whole, as if they had refused their part in the annihilation of a continent. We were looking for a displaced persons' camp in the hills, but the name of the village where it lay did not appear on any map. It took us six hours to find it, and there I learned why the name had never been written down.

The D. P. camp had once been one of the largest S. S. training camps, and the fine, strong buildings which now housed fifteen thousand Poles had once been barracks for Hitler's élite troops. Here, inside the great gates, on the gradient of the hill, had been the officers' villas, their individual garages, their flower gardens, greenhouses, and strawberry beds. The enlisted men's

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blockhouses, kitchens, hospitals, canteens, and athletic fields stood higher, in the tall, meticulously pruned pines. The jeep driver from Georgia said, "Ma'am, I think you and I are going to end right up there in that cloud," as we climbed; and I thought maybe ten years ago, on a day as cold as this one, Hitler may have stood here, a foolish, skipping, well-larded little man in a military redingote, and said, with his finger on his lips, "Hush. Let the trees hide them a little longer. Let the name not be written. No one need speculate on the intention yet."

Little enough is left of the trees, or the intention, now, for since the end of the war seventy-five thousand D. P.'s have passed through the camp, and the stumps which thrust through the snow between the blockhouses testify that the winters were hard. One German nurse in the camp hospital may have spoken for the people of Germany when she said, "Hitler and the others wouldn't recognize their beautiful place now." Hitler and the others were still singularly alive in Germany five days ago. They were not nearly so close to death as the children who lay in the D. P. camp infirmary beds. In the village below the camp, the townspeople have declared that they will hang every German who has worked for the Americans just as soon as the American military forces pull out. Hitler and the others were legendary men who made great promises to the little people, and now in the cold and the privation, and in the bitterness of defeat, the promises and the legend are all that is left, and they shine in the darkness like a Holy Grail.

"When I first came here, nearly two years ago," said the head nurse, a handsome Belgian girl in American uniform, "I couldn't speak with civility to the nurses and doctors—German P. W.'s the army handed us. After six months, I knew it couldn't go on like that. We had to work with a German staff, probably a 100 per cent Nazi staff, but we wanted to save all the lives we could. It took me six months to convince myself that medicine, like art, is international. But now I'm absolutely convinced. You have to accept it like that, or else you can't go on."

We were on the threshold of the babies' ward. There had been an epidemic of measles, and an aftermath of middle-ear trouble, the head nurse said as she opened the door. There were eight cribs in the room, four on each side, with their heads against the wall. The wood of them, like the wood of the floor, and the coarse sheets, and the indelibly stained aprons the doctors and nurses wore, were scrubbed fiercely, savagely clean. The room was warm with the heat from the great tile stoves, which were fed with logs through the doors into the corridor. Only one child of eight was crying, making a small undemanding, fretful noise, as it lay tied with a strip of white linen in its bed. It turned its head from side to side on the lifted pillow, and its right ear was as scarlet as a flower. The others were silent, but they were not sleeping; they were watching as young, wild, maimed birds and animals which can no longer flee will crouch in the underbrush and watch, fearful that a whisper will betray them. The one in the corner was no more than a slight rise in the neatly folded covers, and when you came close you saw that he lay on his side, his eyes open, fixed not on outer life but on some indescribable inner vista of terror and pain. He was two weeks old, the chart said, and his hands, like the claws of a cat, were tightly closed beneath his chin. The hairless skull was fragile as an eggshell, and the blue veins that threaded it jerked feebly with life. The shrunken yellow face under the bulging brow was that of an old man who had in his interminable lifetime experienced only disappointment, neglect, disease, disgrace, and who had come now, without an instant of compensation, to the consummate agony of the end.

"Abscesses," the head nurse said. "They brought him in three days ago. No response to penicillin."

There were two babies on the other side who lay facing each other from their separate cribs. Each had been born in the camp twenty-one days before, of Polish, unmarried mothers, and each was clinging hard to what flesh and blood and bone had been allowed him at the start. They drew the air in through their open mouths, as do the starving, as if the lungs themselves demanded in desperation that this be food and drink. Each had weighed nearly five kilos at birth, the charts showed, and after three weeks of life they weighed two kilos each.

"Starvation," the Belgian nurse said. "They had blood transfusions last night." There they lay, akin to nothing but those mummified, miniature beasts—bird, cat, or dog—which are found, dark-scaled and limbless, in Egyptian tombs. "The mother of this one was selling her milk on the black market," the nurse said. "But they've started gaining in the twenty-four hours we've had them. We'll bring them through."

In the crib near the door lay the beautiful, Slavic-faced boy, his dark hair cropped close as a prisoner's, his broad, flat-boned face placid with generations of pastoral content. He was a year or a year and a half old maybe, and at the sight of talking, animate people he dropped his black silky lashes on his smooth red cheeks and smiled. "His mother was trying to poison him," the head-nurse said, and there was no further explanation.

As we went out the door, we saw the little coffin coming toward us down the hall. It was made of fresh, unstained wood, with a peaked roof like that of a birdhouse, and scarcely larger than one, and it was fitted with barrow-like handles at each end. The raw, ungloved hands of the mother and father carried it by these handles down the corridor, and on the bench outside the babies' ward they set it down. They raised their heads and looked at the head nurse as she passed, but they did

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not speak, they did not put the question to her. They took their places beside the coffin on the bench, and they folded their hands and waited. The head nurse opened the second door and we went in.

Inside the second room there was warmth again, and a three-year-old girl was propped up against the pillows, her thin, pale hair brushed out like winter sunlight, and two white pads laid on her eyes. She wore a tight little yellow sweater, shrunk short in the sleeves and tied with a red ribbon at the neck, and her small hands lay quiet on the thick, folded sheet. Her mouth was part scab, part running sore.

"I found her yesterday afternoon in one of the blockhouse attics," the head nurse said, her voice impatient, unsparing, grim. "They'd hidden her under a pile of rags. They don't trust what we do to sick children here. Tubercular infection. Her mother said her eyes were like that from a cold in the head, and didn't want me to take her off. That's another thing I've made up my mind about," the nurse said in her quick, hard French. "I don't care any more what adults do to adults; it's what they manage to do to children." There was nothing as weak as emotion in her voice. "Hitler said, 'Give me four years, just four years!' Well, he had his four years, he had them," she said.

The next day I went back to Offenbach in a Cadillac a German general had left behind—as he had left his great coat hanging on the door—and my driver was a Polish D. P. He was a young man, not more than thirty, and he had not seen Poland since the German invasion. He and his wife had been deported with the thousands of others to Berlin, and there he had worked five years, servicing German army vehicles. He had worked with the Nazis and for the Nazis, learned the language we now spoke together, read the German newspapers, heard their speeches, been bombed by day by the American Air Force, and when darkness fell by the Royal Air Force. He had been eighteen months in the D. P. camp, and had filed his papers with an American immigration organization. He wanted no more of Europe. He wanted to be an automobile mechanic in America. "*Kein mehr Politik,*" he said. "In America my wife and I can have a home, save money, begin life over again."

I told him he might find quite a lot of political talk in America. "There are even people who talk about another war," I said. The D. P. slowed down the Cadillac at a turn, and he glanced at me in surprise. "But of course. That is understandable. When we are all strong enough, we'll have to stop what is going on over there," he said. He motioned with his head toward the east. "*Russland,*" he said. We drove on through the cold, bleak country which war had seemingly wiped clean of every living thing. "There is only one bridge left across the river this side of Frankfurt," he said, "so I have to watch out for the turning. With all these ruins you never know where you are."

I looked out of the car at the rubble. In the marshalling yards, the blasted trains, brought to a violent halt two years ago and lying in rigor mortis still, were piled in an endless chaos of twisted iron and rusted wire. The shell craters were still unfilled.

"Do you believe that in defeating Germany we wiped out Nazism?" I said as we rocked across the broken railway tracks, and the young man looked at me gently, patiently, as if half-amused.

"You do not seem to understand the situation," he said. "For Americans it is not easy to understand the situation over here. Nazism has not been destroyed; it is as strong in the people's hearts now as it ever was, and there is a very good reason why. You see," he went on, speaking with kindness and patience to me, "Germany is a small country, and it is an over-populated country. It must have space—it has always needed space. Hitler saw this, and even if he did some foolish things, he united the people of Germany in that great idea. The stronger countries came along, and they killed a great many Germans and destroyed a great many German cities, but whatever they have done, the situation has not been changed. Germany is still a small country, too small to support its population."

Through Hanau to Offenbach there is much destruction. At one corner where a house stands wide open to the sky, long, tough sections of plaster and wiring swing in the upper story like hung men in the wind. And as the homeless, the penniless, the lost young D. P. drove the Cadillac down the cobbled street, he went on saying: "They must have space. You Americans who are so far away cannot understand that the Germans must have space and the freedom to expand. *Das ist Logik* now to expand toward the east, free Poland, and finish with the Russian question. *Das ist Logik.* It has to be."

The signs, in both English and German, said that vehicles should drive slowly across the bridge, and it trembled now beneath the weight of the car. It was the coldest day of all, and under the bridge great, static blocks of ice marked where the river lay, and seagulls, bleak and mute, with their wings folded close, had gathered on them. The bridge was old, and they had put new boards across as if to save it, but it could not last another war.

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The Farmer Pays His Debts

BY JAMES HEARST

Cedar Falls, Iowa, April 4

THEY say that the farmer is getting rich. If he is, I think the public is entitled to know something about it, to know how rich he is and what he is doing with his money. The public has a right to know these things because in part it was the public's money which helped rehabilitate the farmer back in the 1930's. In those days the farmer was a poor but honest free enterpriser who was bankrupt and didn't know it. In struggling to pay off his obligations he was sliding deeper and deeper into debt because through no fault of his own the price level had sunk from under him. Even the cold eye of the United States Department of Agriculture viewed

his efforts with sympathy, and these words were spoken in his behalf: "Bankruptcy . . . is used relatively infrequently by farmers as a method for dealing with an untenable debt situation." Of course today, if the farmer is getting rich, he has no need of such character references, and all talk of bankruptcy should be forgotten. The trouble is that the farmer's memories are beginning to haunt him, and signs of his apprehension are as thick as falling leaves in a cold October rain.

The city consumer, the farmer's best customer, occasionally reads a statement about farm income released by the Department of Agriculture. He may have read that for the year 1945 farm income was twenty-one billion and some odd dollars. It probably seemed like a lot of money. It seemed that way to the farmer, too. It is enough to make anyone wonder what the farmer is worrying about.

One thing that worries him is that the twenty-one-billion-dollar income was not what it seemed. To the farmer, it is misrepresentation to give these reports in terms of gross income. Anyone who has been in business knows that it is possible to have a whale of a gross income and still end the fiscal year with a net loss.

Let us examine the books of the average farmer. Take a young fellow in Iowa operating a quarter-section, 160 acres, of fairly good land. Let's say that he has a wife and a couple of youngsters. As he is the average young farmer, he either rents the land or has borrowed the money with which to buy it. Now along comes a Department of Agriculture statistician and says that the average Iowa farmer's income in 1946 was $7,000.

Let us draw up a financial statement for him as of January 1, first showing what his capitalization would be. Conservative estimates on a good farm of that size, not the best but a good farm with modern buildings, would price it at about $200 an acre. So we have:

Land		$24,000
Buildings		8,000
Livestock		
2 horses	$ 150	
20 cows	4,000	
30 brood sows	1,800	
300 chickens	450	6,400
Machinery (including tractor)		5,000
Feed		
corn	3,000	
oats	1,500	
hay	400	
straw	100	
ensilage	320	5,320
		$48,720

To amortize this capitalization at 4 per cent would add an interest charge of $1,948.80 to his expenses. Now let us estimate the expense column of his operating statement and see what his net income really is:

Labor (three-fourths of the year)	$1,000
Taxes (property)	240
Taxes (income)	74
Insurance (buildings)	120
Repairs (buildings, fences, and machinery)	500
Gasoline and oil	320
Machine hire (threshing, baling, grinding)	500
Interest	1,948
Depreciation	600
	$5,302

JAMES HEARST of Maplehearst Farm, Cedar Falls, Iowa, has contributed articles to The Nation *and other magazines presenting a reflective farmer's views on problems close to his work and life.*

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These are the obvious expenses. There would be some others for tools and such supplies as twine, sacks, seeds, and nursery stock. On the other hand, our average farmer would not pay out any actual money for depreciation. I think we might fairly settle on a net income, in round figures, of $2,000. This is the money with which he feeds and clothes his family, pays his doctor and dentist, buys personal insurance, pays for his automobile. It doesn't seem a large sum to me, not when I consider the risk he takes.

But at least our average farmer is in the clear. The road ahead seems straight, level, and wide. Farm production is still rising. Prices are high, and Congress has promised, through the Steagall amendment, that they shall be maintained at 90 per cent of parity until the end of 1948. If they are, what has the farmer to fear? Why is he nervous?

The older farmers remember the storms of the 1920's and the ruin that followed in their wake. The younger men see the repeated warnings in the farm papers: "Post-war depressions likely to occur first in agriculture"; "The depression for agriculture may be more prolonged than the industrial depression." Moreover, the farmers, with native skepticism, put little faith in the Steagall amendment. There is no machinery designed to restore prices to the promised level. Congress often fails to bolster its good intentions with technical competence. Farm prices depend for their stability upon the nation's purchasing power, and according to the economists of a Midwest college, "Whether purchasing power will be strong enough in the latter half of 1947 is doubtful—1948 is very doubtful." Senator George D. Aiken, second in command on the Senate Agricultural Committee, frankly told the dairy-plant operators of Vermont, "In the years ahead the greatest single problem confronting American agriculture will be to find markets for all that our nation's farmers will produce."

Already bankers are being advised to tighten the credit lines extended to less efficient farmers and those on less productive land.

The well-known and respected farm economists Frank Pearson and William Meyers, of Cornell University, make this significant statement: "The post-war collapse in 1920-21 occurred despite the general belief that there . . . was a shortage of anything that could be named. Then as now everyone was worrying about inflation, but deflation was the real threat and may again be the real problem."

Words like these produce a ringing in the farmer's ears. The continued silence on the part of Secretary Anderson and the cloudy proposals of the G. O. P.-dominated Congress concerning food exports seem to make audible the sound of buck-passing. The savage attack on the reciprocal-trade treaties by nearsighted Senators destroys more of the farmer's confidence. He feels that the old isolationist gang expect to break the farmer's back again with surpluses while the hungry world wails at the tariff wall. A shiver has passed through the price structure and he has felt it.

For the most part, the average farmer is a conservative person who moves rather slowly into social action. But this conservatism does not prevent him from doing what he can, now, to build up his defenses against economic perils. Here in Iowa, where we all really live off the farmer's labor, agriculture is beginning to rouse itself. Some years ago the farmers in this state became intensely interested in our tax structure. It had, like the tariff system, promised them much and gouged them plenty. After considerable study, we farmers in 1934 persuaded the state legislature to pass what was called the "three-point" tax system. One of these three points was a state income tax. This system gave the farmer a chance, for

once in his life, to stand up under the burden of the property tax and take a deep breath.

But as time went on a balance began to appear in the various state tax treasuries, and, in spite of the scandalous conditions existing in our state institutions, the legislature passed a law "forgiving" half of the income tax. The law expires this year and people with large incomes, the ones best able to pay, are fighting tooth and nail to have it reenacted.

The Iowa Farm Bureau Federation has made a study of the situation and come to these conclusions: Property taxes are quietly rising again; for school purposes alone property taxes have increased nine million dollars in the last two years. Instead of being equalized, taxes are being shifted from the rich to the poor; the state is losing revenue which is badly needed for education, for mental hospitals, for institutions of corrective training. The Iowa Farm Bureau explains that every county farm bureau in the state has asked for full collection of the income tax. Pointing its finger straight at the target, it says, "It's the Iowa Taxpayers' Association, the Republican Central Committee, and the Iowa Manufacturers' Association that don't wish to pay income taxes." Against the pressures these groups bring to bear in the state legislature, the farmers have gathered their forces.

One thing the average farmer is doing with his $2,000 income is paying off his debts. In 1923 the nation's farm-mortgage debt amounted to $10,785,621,000; in 1946 it was only $5,080,717,000. Many economists

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think that the reduction may be the means of saving agriculture from a depression.

This sounds like a good thing for farmers, but other readers of *The Nation* may ask, what about the rest of us. I assure you that it is good news for you too. Just as surely as the farmer is dependent upon labor and capital for the support of his price level, so capital and labor rely directly on farm purchasing power for their own production and wages. It is a sad paradox that when food prices are lowest, bread lines are longest. The phenomenon arises, I believe, from the economic fact that industry cannot adjust itself easily to a falling price level. When farm prices begin to fall and farmers cease to buy, industry must close up shop and put its workers out on the street until there is a return of purchasing power or until the price level becomes more stable. The farm-machinery manufacturers learned long ago that ten-cent corn will not buy an $800 tractor.

Notes on Jamaica

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

Ocho Rios, Jamaica

I AM returning from my leave of absence by way of Jamaica, having taken a detour around what seems to have been the winter to end winters, at home and abroad. It wasn't possible to by-pass Miami which looks more than ever like a fake country town with a fake country fair in progress. Flying away from it was a pleasure, even to a scared amateur flyer, and the trip to Kingston was so smooth and quiet that I wasn't even bothered when the pilot came in and sat with the passengers during most of the journey. We stopped only once, in Camaguey, Cuba. In the little station there a sign was posted advising passengers to buy liquor at the bar and not from unauthorized solicitors. The proprietor of the bar, said the Spanish, was "co-operating with the employees of this company." The English translation gave a quite different impression. It said that the proprietor was "helping against the employees of this company." This little study in Hispano-American relations, con and contra, was somehow capped when an American business man, reading the English, which was good enough for him, murmured knowingly to his wife, "Hm, seem to be havin' labor trouble here."

The first thing I discovered in Kingston was that world prices had preceded me by several flights, and that my countrymen on vacation, determined as they always are to pretend that nothing can feaze them, had made the island practically uninhabitable for people in the modest brackets. American tourists and the peoples they visit seem to bring out the worst in each other—over-spending on the one side and gouging on the other. It is an exchange which corrupts the atmosphere, and the process has gone pretty far in this island paradise. I crossed the island by rail—tourists usually go by car—and I think I was the only white person on the train. Most of the time I was the sole occupant of the first-class compartment—a rather battered wooden observation car at the end of a battered train. It was a long slow trip, but the landscape, the altitude, the vegetation, the weather, and our speed changed so frequently that it was far from monotonous. Plains, hills, mountains. Plantations of cane, cocoanuts, bananas. Ranch lands with Indian cattle grazing. Cactus and poinsettias, hibiscus, bougainvillea. Glimpses of blue sea now and then. Sultry blue skies and massed clouds, black or white, and always a breeze—it's called "the doctor."

Toward the end of the day the hardworking engine pulled us slowly up into the Cockpit Mountains—wonderfully named. We careened down, around curves, through tunnels, through alternate rain and shine, playing crack the whip over the high broken landscape.

Occasionally a few Jamaicans joined me in my first-class loneliness—among them a family of Chinese, mother, father, and two small boys, who looked as if they had just stepped out of a bandbox instead of a remote mountain village. At intervals a very pleasant young colored man came in for a chat—a government employee who travels about the island. He was well-informed and patient with questions. We discussed politics and economics, exports and imports, education and the native language. He told me at one point that 75 per cent of Jamaicans have an inferiority complex, and the old phrase reverberated curiously as I looked out at cocoanut palms and women carrying baskets on their heads.

The pirates are back in Jamaica running hotels in Montego Bay. Not so bold as those in Miami or Palm Beach, but bold enough. Food prices have gone up, though forty cents a pound is the top price for beef and the prices of pork, goat's flesh, and mutton stand at twenty, twenty-five, and thirty cents respectively. But labor is still cheap, and considering that most hotel employees get no more than ten or twelve shillings a week (the shilling is worth about twenty cents) and must feed themselves, the proprietor of a third-rate hotel who gets fourteen dollars a day, per person, for a

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small double room isn't doing so badly. Jamaicans who are not hotel-keepers are uneasy about it and predict the death of the goose that lays the golden egg. They have reason. In a year or so it will probably cost no more to visit Europe.

If you have a cottage of your own, it is still possible to live rather grandly for relatively little. Consider this advertisement for help—most of the ads are those of Domestics Wanting Positions:

> HELP: An Experienced Woman as general domestic. Only hard worker need apply. Wages twenty-eight shillings monthly with meals.

Twenty-eight shillings are approximately $5.60. But you would probably have to pay as much as fifteen shillings a week for a cook or a houseboy. Old settlers pay ten or less. A very good laundress or cleaner can be had for two and a half shillings a day. Even cooks, however, are in most cases supposed to feed themselves.

The ads of Domestics Wanting Positions are rather intriguing. "A Decent Young Girl from the country seeks position. . . ." That is the usual wording. The other day, for a change, I noted that "A Big Woman seeks position cooking, washing, or cleaning."

It isn't polite to wonder out loud how the natives live on ten shillings—or less—a week. (The stock remark is that they can pick breadfruit off the trees and that they like raw fish.) I go on wondering, nevertheless. And apparently the natives think about it a good deal, for Jamaica has been having a strike wave for some time now. The most belligerent and picturesque leader of labor is W. A. Bustamante, head of the Bustamante Industrial Workers' Union—that's its name. He also heads the Labor Party, which is the majority party. Mr. Bustamante is Minister for Communications—and de facto Prime Minister—in the present government; and he communicates steadily in extremely violent language which is all duly reported in the *Daily Gleaner*. He has been calling strikes on the sugar plantations, and the port workers in Kingston were out not long ago. The workers in Montego Bay, according to Bustamante, are a backward lot, and he recently delivered a blistering attack on them for scabbing. But he reserves most of his attacks for employers. Everyone admits that he has done a good deal for labor—and there is plenty to do. Everyone deplores his methods. Where have we heard that before? He talks openly, for instance, about the color question. He's always "stirring these people up," and that of course is considered most unfortunate. It's difficult to say whether or not Bustamante is a "good" labor leader but he certainly has a wide streak of the demagogue in his makeup. "My" and "I" loom large in his vocabulary, and he likes the sound of his own voice. He speaks often of his close relations with God and of the sacrifices he has made to help "my people." At the same time, he boasts of being rich. A man who knew him even before he began his career as a labor leader says that he has a genuine interest in labor's problems, but that he also is ambitious and conceited. Bustamante is a Jamaican, a colored man. His real name is Clarke. He spent some time in Spain, where he picked up his present name. When he came back to Jamaica he set himself up as a usurer but had no success. Soon afterward he emerged as a labor leader. To show Bustamante's sympathy for labor, my informant recalled an incident in which Bustamante refused to eat with an employer, who happened also to be a relative, because he had just heard that one of this relative's employees who got seven shillings a week had been fined four of these shillings for some offense or other and had three shillings left with which to feed his family.

Many people predict Bustamante's early eclipse, but he has an unlimited supply of underpaid workers for whom to make demands. Moreover, his histrionic ways are designed to appeal to the illiterate poor and under the present universal suffrage law no literacy test is required. Reading his speeches—they are often quite amusing—one is reminded of both John L. Lewis and Huey Long, and given the human, economic, and political situation here, that combination, on a small scale, is just about what one might expect in a labor leader in Jamaica in 1947.

Caricature by Seligson
W. A. Bustamante

The situation is not pretty. In New York, Jamaican colored people are looked upon, even by American Negroes, as superior in status and in education. Just before I came away I spoke to a colored maid who, I had heard, was a Jamaican. "No," she said laughing, "I'm not from Jamaica. I'm just one of the uneducated ones." Many colored people here are educated, but the "uneducated ones" are much in evidence. They seem a kindly, carefree lot and have nice voices. They are also poor, backward, and superstitious. The population is increasing rapidly, and even now there are not enough jobs to go around. I have no less an authority than the Bishop of the Windward Isles—what a lovely title—for the statement that 50 per cent of the children here don't go to school. He also quoted Lloyd George's description of the West Indies as the slums of the empire. Setting them to rights will not be an easy task—and, after all, Jamaica is only one of the minor messes which the Labor government has inherited.

(To be continued)

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A Democratic Assembly

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

THE Americans for Democratic Action got themselves organized in a businesslike session in Washington on the weekend of March 29-30. About 300 citizens convened at 10 a.m. Saturday on the top floor of the Hotel Washington and dispersed to their homes at 3 p.m. Sunday, having got through an agenda which the most hopeful would have judged hopelessly crowded before Wilson Wyatt's opening gavel fell.

A sense of urgency seemed to underline the debate on foreign policy, domestic policy, and organizing plans; so that views were stated and votes taken which combined the efforts of Mr. Wyatt, Leon Henderson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., David Dubinsky, Mayor Hubert H. Humphrey of Minneapolis, Lillian Smith, Marquis Childs, Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Thomas K. Finletter, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Alfred Baker Lewis, and many others including a Student Federalist from Yale, a Farmer-Laborite from Wisconsin, a budding politico from Kansas City, an American Veterans Committee chairman from Baltimore, a Cleveland lawyer, an American Farm-Labor Union organizer from Memphis, and a professor from the New School in New York.

From such disparateness came unity: the sort of unity which allows for diversity as to details. A.D.A.'s unity seemed genuine, not verbal, because there was agreement on objectives ("a society in which each individual enjoys the highest degree of personal liberty compatible with liberty, justice, and economic security for his fellows"); and on tactics ("a faith in human reason and the power of free inquiry," a devotion to the town meeting rather than to the mass meeting).

One question had better be faced at once. "Isn't A.D.A. obsessively anti-Communist?" Answer: No. Explicitely non-Communist would be more accurate. Near the end of its statement on general objectives, A.D.A. says that the democratic spirit is direly threatened by "the wealth and power of the organized forces of reaction . . . [i.e.] fascism." Then: "In our time the democratic idea is also threatened by the Communist forces that reject democratic values of truth, justice, and freedom, in the interests of a police state." The Communist issue cropped up only two or three times in the two days' discussion. The group seemed politically mature; its members accepted one another as lower-case democrats and set about the serious task of devising a program of action which might enlist the support of many other lower-case democrats.

The program, to be sure, will not have a high Hooper rating this spring while most of America talks about cutting taxes, balancing budgets, policing the world, and pursuing private lives, all at the same time. The machines —of all makes—will not like it. The meeting was thin on Republicans, thin on farmers, and terribly thin on those in governmental, economic, and political power. It was top-heavy with old New Dealers. The program adopted is an extension of the New Deal program.

Yet there was a special spark struck: Hubert Humphrey twice enkindled the assembly with talk of practical political action. The young mayor of Minneapolis, who combines the best features of a native American radical, a Billy Sunday revival meeting, and a perpetual-motion machine, gave the delegates some home truths about American politics. After speakers, including Mrs. Roosevelt, had described in large terms the dream of A.D.A., he said, "Okay, you can relax now. I'm the tap-dancer who entertains between the acts." Then, belying his words, he told how to live the dream in the practice of party caucuses, wards, precincts, getting out the vote, telling the story in their own language to the farmers and workers of his country.

Paul Porter spoke on Saturday morning about the Truman Doctrine; a majority of the delegates attended the open hearing of the foreign policy commission from 8 p.m. until midnight; the commission redrafted its resolutions until 4 in the morning; the plenary session hammered out the final draft from noon until 3 on Sunday. In large, the result was a hopeful progressive document, which called unequivocally for strengthening the United Nations into a limited world government, and which on many specific points of world conflict declared that the only way to eventual solution was through granting the U.N. adequate material, legal, and economic powers. In the face of this, a majority of the delegates supported military as well as economic aid to Greece and Turkey.

Was this a by-product of the A. D. A.'s "anti-communism"? After serious consideration (and after opposing and voting against the policy), I am sure it was not. Rather, I believe it was a vestigial remnant of old-fashioned "practical" thinking on the part of the majority. The argument—chiefly and ably articulated by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Marquis Childs—ran like this: the United Nations is the only hope; we must strengthen it; cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union is the only basis for that strengthening; such cooperation cannot flow from weakness; therefore we must stem Soviet expansion; therefore we must hold our noses and aid Greece and Turkey. The argument overlooks the the fact that by pursuing a unilateral policy you inevitably undercut any multilateral policy; yet I believe it was advanced in good faith (which may be the death of us yet). At any rate, there is opposition to it within A.D.A.; and since its members make up their minds on the basis of facts and arguments, not of orders from above, there is a fighting chance for the present minority to convert the majority.

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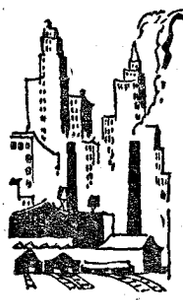

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

KEITH HUTCHISON

America's World Bank

THIRTEEN months after its formal inauguration at Savannah, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development has yet to make its first loan. This is not due to any lack of demand for its services. Eight member countries have made bids for a total of $2,310 millions and, while some of their applications are in too tentative a form for action, others have been submitted with detailed plans which have been carefully examined by the bank's economic experts.

One reason for delay has been the difficulty in finding and keeping a president for the institution. In theory, this officer is selected by the twelve-man board of executive directors elected by member countries; in practise, there is an unwritten agreement to allow the United States, as the largest investor in the bank, the right of nomination. The president is paid $30,000 tax-free, but despite this attractive remuneration and the dignity and prestige supposedly attached to the position, it proved hard from the first to persuade any qualified person to accept it. At length, after a three-month canvass, Eugene Meyer, eminent publisher of the Washington *Post* and former chairman of the Federal Reserve System, agreed to undertake the task, amid general applause.

Six months later, Mr. Meyer resigned, giving explanations that satisfied nobody, and the frantic hunt was resumed. For another three months, business was held up while financial circles gossiped about internal difficulties which led one candidate after another to refuse the prize. Finally, John J. McCloy, a corporation lawyer with banking connections and former Assistant Secretary for War, agreed to accept the nomination. He did so on his own terms, one of which was the resignation of the American executive director, Emilio G. Collado, and his replacement by Eugene R. Black, vice-chairman of the Chase National Bank. Simultaneously, Mr. McCloy appointed Robert L. Garner, a director of General Foods and formerly connected with the Guaranty Trust Company, as vice-president.

As a result of these changes, the New York financial community is now strongly represented at International Bank headquarters and its former coldness to the institution has been replaced by a more cooperative attitude. This is important because the bank's dollar resources, which will reach something over $700 million by the end of May, are totally inadequate to meet the demand on it for dollar loans. Consequently, unless its activities are to be severely restricted, it must market its own securities in the United States—an operation that can only be carried out with the blessing of the big financial institutions. That this will probably now be forthcoming is indicated by a bill, authorizing New York savings banks to invest their funds in International Bank debentures, which now awaits Governor Dewey's signature. For months, this measure had been kicked around at Albany but as soon as McCloy's appointment was confirmed it passed both houses of the state legislature without difficulty.

Prospects for obtaining additional resources in the New York market have, therefore, brightened perceptibly, and a small experimental issue of bank debentures will probably be made in the next few months. But undoubtedly the heads of the dozen or so investment houses and insurance companies which dominate the securities market will keep a sharp eye on the kind of loans the bank makes. They are not likely to look with approval on borrowing by countries that have failed to make what Wall Street considers a satisfactory settlement of private debts, or on those which nationalize industries in which American capital is invested. And if the directors and officers of the International Bank should ignore their frowns, the market for bank debentures will probably become very sticky. That means that Wall Street can pull the new institution up short whenever it sees fit.

The advent of Mr. McCloy did not create this braking power which is implicit in the dependence of the bank on American capital; it merely put into the chauffer's place a man the private bankers could trust, and so reduced the need for back-seat driving. And the appointment of Mr. Black should also make for smoother riding, since, in this rather complicated financial vehicle, he will operate dual controls on behalf of the American government.

The United States holds 37½ per cent of the voting power in the bank and, in addition, the articles of agreement provide that the bank can only borrow funds with the approval of the member in whose market those funds are raised. So long, therefore, as this is the one large country with surplus capital, it will exercise a practical veto on the bank's operations.

The Bretton Woods Agreements Act, which provided for American participation in both the International Bank and the International Fund, set up a National Advisory Council on International and Monetary Policy. This body, known as the N.A.C., is composed of the Secretaries of the Treasury, State, and War, the chairman of the Federal Reserve System, and the chairman of the Export-Import Bank. Its function is to issue policy directives to the American executive directors of both the International Bank and International Fund, and this means, I am reliably informed, that it debates at length every loan request made to the former. But while the bank and its officers are prohibited from reaching decisions on political grounds, the N.A.C. does not appear to limit itself in the same way.

I am told, for instance, that a request by Poland for a very large loan, part of it earmarked for rehabilitation and expansion of the Polish coal fields, has been held up in the N.A.C. because one member insisted that the Poles were "without integrity." This sweeping indictment of a people, it is to be feared, may bar Europe from supplies of fuel which it desperately needs. I am sure that is bad economics and, in view of the fact that poverty is communism's best ally, shortsighted politics as well. In an even more curious case, objection was raised to the proposed use by Chile of part of an International Bank loan to develop oil lands which, under Chilean constitutional law, cannot be alienated from the state. The encouragement of a socialized oil industry, it was

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suggested, might have unfortunate repercussions on American oil interests in Latin America. This particular difficulty was overcome, but it is indicative of thinking in Washington which is thoroughly in harmony with Wall Street ideas. Critics who object that it hardly harmonizes with the spirit of internationalism will doubtless be reminded that those who pay the piper call the tune.

IN ONE EAR

BY LOU FRANKEL

TO COMMERCIAL broadcasters, of which there are now more than 1,100 in the United States, educational programs on both the juvenile and adult level have always been an unadulterated pain in the pocketbook. They required a lot of work, considerable acumen, and more money than most stations were willing to spend on sustaining programs; they rarely produced any appreciable listener reaction; and they were never bait for sponsors.

There were and are exceptions, of course, but commercial radio has always given educational shows a failing grade. Although it has classed educational stations as freaks, however, it never actively fought the educational and non-commercial operators. It had very little reason to fear them. Too many of the educational institutions which had licenses to operate radio stations in the early days let them go by default. Today the only commercially operated stations that come to mind are WWL, New Orleans, owned and operated by Loyola University, and WHCU, Ithaca, the property of Cornell, and Georgia Tech's WGST. Altogether, the educational and municipally owned and operated stations number only thirty.

Recently, though, a bill was introduced in the California legislature calling for $1,700,000 for a non-commercial network of FM stations to be run by the state Department of Education. Back of this is the University of California's desire to carry its extension courses beyond the physical border of its campus.

In itself this is nothing new. The Federal Communications Commission has set aside twenty channels for non-commercial, educational FM stations. The states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan have educational FM networks either in operation or under construction. There are and have been non-commercial FM stations ever since frequency modulation was started, although they are even fewer than the thirty AM educational stations. Yet suddenly, and for no apparent reason except greed, the commercial broadcasters of California took a stand in opposition to the California educators.

Charles McCarthy, head of the Northern California Broadcasters Association, hurried home from Washington, D. C., to confer with Robert Reynolds, his counterpart in the Southern California Broadcasters Association, and other industry chieftains. Between them, they set out to organize a united front of commercial operators against the plan.

Since McCarthy is general manager of KQW, a network affiliate in San Francisco, and Reynolds is general manager of KMPC in Los Angeles, and their organizations include most, if not all, the commercial operators in California, there was no doubt they could lead a vicious fight. But still the issue was not clear. After all, these were the big commercial-station men, the dollars-and-cents operators in AM, not FM; in what way did they and their interests conflict with the educators' plans for FM? It just didn't make sense.

Then the story broke in the trade press. *Variety* reported: "Commercial . . . broadcasters want no part of what they feel will be definite competition for audience." And *Broadcasting* referred significantly to "this threat to freedom of expression" (*sic*).

That let the cat out of the bag. The self-same broadcasters who have been shouting for freedom of speech and free competition from every and any luncheon lectern they could get—these same people wanted to bar the educators.

It wasn't because the radio business was doing badly; last year radio sold $325,000,000 worth of time to reach an all-time record and a 7 per cent increase over the previous year. It wasn't because the commercial broadcasters were doing a good educational job. Nor was it because the educators were proposing something illegal.

Federal Communications Commissioner Paul A. Walker said, when queried, "State educational networks offer an effective means of carrying educational programs to schools and communities throughout the states. It has never occurred to us that educational stations could be, in any way, a threat to commercial broadcasting. In fact, it is my personal opinion that such stations would be a tremendous impetus to broadcasting generally and would encourage and assist commercial stations through developing listening habits and greater audiences. To my way of thinking, the opposition to the California Educational Network is exceedingly . . . short-sighted."

It was short-sighted for a number of reasons. First, it pointed up the fact that commercial radio was doing so bad a job as to be afraid of losing some listeners to the educators.

Second, it suggested the possibility that the commercial radio interests were hoping to get hold of the twenty FM channels now set aside for educational use by keeping the educators from using them.

Third, and most important, it spotlighted, once again, the fight between public service and dollar service in radio.

The educators, via their National Association of Educational Broadcasters and the Association for Education by Radio, are fighting back. The Los Angeles Board of Education has allocated funds for an engineering study of its requirements preparatory to filing for an FM frequency to be used by the city and the city educators. This, in effect, puts Los Angeles solidly on the side of the angels.

But a few letters addressed to the Federal Communications Commission and the National Association of Broadcasters, both in Washington, D. C., will do no harm.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Some Reflections on the American Press

A FREE AND RESPONSIBLE PRESS. University of Chicago Press. $2.

A GROUP of gentlemen operating under the official-sounding title of the Commission on Freedom of the Press has published a slender book called "A Free and Responsible Press" that may be a mild shock to Henry R. Luce, who in 1942 plunked down $200,000 to finance the group's work. The membership of the commission, selected by Robert Maynard Hutchins, includes no types remotely resembling George Seldes or Upton Sinclair, and yet the book, subtitled "A General Report on Mass Communication: Radio, Motion Pictures, Magazines, and Books," has little good to say about the American press of which Mr. Luce's publications form so imposing a segment. Certain of the strictures even seem to have been set down with *Time-Life* operating procedure particularly in mind.

"Of equal importance with reportorial accuracy are the identification of fact as fact and opinion as opinion, and their separation, so far as possible," the commission says, high on its list of requirements for a free and responsible press. "This is necessary all the way from the reporter's file, up through the copy and makeup desks and the editorial offices, to the final, published product." And again "Sales talk should be plainly labeled as such whether for toothpastes or tariffs, cosmetics or cosmic reforms, devices for reducing waists or raising prices."

Mr. Hutchins as chairman of the commission contributes a foreword in which he tells how the commission came to be, as a result of a brief conversation between Mr. Luce and him at a meeting of the board of William Benton's Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.—Old Yales are always up to big things—and how the commission worked, banging out every line of the report after argument, so that it is a collective expression. He says the commission carried out no elaborate "research"—the quotation marks are his, as if he considered the word a neologism—and I was inclined to wonder uncharitably as I read the book what they had spent the $200,000 on: it contains some sound, unoriginal reflections, but nothing worth over one grand even at *Ladies Home Journal* rates. It does not shed as much light on our journalistic dilemma as Morris Ernst's 1946 book, "The First Freedom," or the even more exciting seventy-two-page pamphlet printed for the Senate Small Businesses Committee—"Survival of a Free, Competitive Press," which you have to write to the committee to get, if there are any copies left.

Nevertheless, the book has importance in the long struggle for a truly free press that is beginning all over again because of technical advances which have wiped out the old freedom of any effective journalist who could hire a handpress to start an effective newspaper. It is important because a group that includes John Dickinson, Professor of Law at the University of Pennsylvania and general counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, as well as Archibald MacLeish and Arthur M. Schlesinger and William E. Hocking (there are thirteen members of the commission altogether, all with impressive signatures) has publicly recognized that the American press is more or less of a mess. The collective authors refuse to accept the propaganda put out by the officers of press associations and schools of journalism that the press is our national glory, distinguishing us from lesser breeds. They don't even think much of schools of journalism.

Their statement of the technical changes which have threatened a conception of press freedom that was fairly adequate in colonial times is concise and convincing. Their view of the performance of the press in our time is marked by considerable asperity—and a lot of sharp insights which break through at unpredictable places, as if some one member of the commission, with more feeling for newspapering than the others, was talking on a more craftsmanlike level all the time but only occasionally getting his remarks into the record. I liked particularly the commission's recognition of the death of mutual criticism among newspapers, and its almost certainly futile recommendation that it be revived.

"Whatever its shortcomings, the American press is less venal and less subservient to political and economic pressure than that of many other countries," the commission states. It doesn't say that the American press isn't venal or isn't subservient, or even that it is less venal or subservient than that of *any* other country. "The leading organs of the American press have achieved a standard of excellence unsurpassed anywhere in the world." It doesn't say unequaled, and it doesn't say which the leading organs are or how much of the national circulation they reach.

The book ends with thirteen recommendations for action by government, the press itself, and the public. Mr. Hutchins confesses, "The commission's recommendations are not startling. The most surprising thing about them is that nothing more surprising could be proposed." (An editor I know, reading Mr. Hutchins's copy, would have penciled there, "Who told him?") A sample is, "We recommend that the agencies of mass communication accept the responsibilities of common carriers of information and discussion."

A chief service of the volume is that it makes criticism of the press respectable. Surely no one will accuse the general counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad of following the Party Line.

A. J. LIEBLING

Maxim Gorki as Artist

BEST SHORT STORIES. By Maxim Gorki. Grayson Press. $2.75.

IN GORKI'S masterwork, "The Lower Depths," his greatest gifts shine most clearly: his immense—but not quite profound—perception, his concern for the wretchedness of people, his

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almost romantic preoccupation with nature. And here, above all, is a carefully controlled rage at the lot of men and an insistence on their noble destiny.

In so far as one can tell from this translation, however—which, by the way, seems most uneven—he is far from a careful writer and by no means a great one. He is almost always painfully verbose and frequently threatens to degenerate into simple propaganda.

But though this wordiness persists in every story in the book, in such pieces as Creatures That Once Were Men, in Cain and Artyom, and in such shorter pieces as Red, Twenty-Six Men and a Girl, and Chums, the power of Gorki's sympathy almost succeeds in reducing his flaws to unimportance. There is ironic penetration and great tenderness here which none of the contemporary realists whom Gorki helped to father have yet managed to match. But having said that he is tender, ironic, and observant, and that most of his descendants are not, it must also be admitted that he is also quite frequently sentimental—as are his offspring—and that, regardless of how well they succeed as outraged citizens, they are incomplete as artists.

Gorki's range is narrow and in intention and effect alike he can scarcely be called subtle. He reiterates: men can be gods and they live like beasts; this he relates, quite legitimately, indeed necessarily, to a particular and oppressive society. ("And the men, too, the first source of all that uproar, were ludicrous and pitiable: their little figures dusty, tattered, nimble, bent under the weight of goods that lay on their backs, under the weight of cares that drove them hither and thither . . . were so trivial and small in comparison with the colossal iron monsters . . . and all that they had created. Their own creation had enslaved them and taken away their individuality.") This is a disquieting and honest report. Its only limitation, and it is a profound one, is that it remains a report. Gorki does not seem capable of the definitive insight, the shock of identification. Again and again we recognize a *type* with his human attributes sensitively felt and well reported but never realized. For this reason Gorki's sympathy is often mawkish, his denouements a brutal and self-consciously sardonic trick. He is concerned, not with the human as such, but with the human being as a symbol; and this attitude is basically sentimental, pitying, rather than clear, and therefore—in spite of the boast of realism—quite thoroughly unreal. There can be no catharsis in Gorki, in spite of the wealth of action and his considerable powers of observation; his people inspire pity and sometimes rage but never love or terror. Finally we are divorced from them; we see them in relation to oppression but not in relation to ourselves. In the short story, The Hermit, the lack of psychological acuteness he brings to a story intended to show the power of virtue (Love) and the roads taken to attain it make for a devastating and characteristic failure.

And yet Gorki was possessed by a rare sympathy for people. Such work as Cain and Artyom and even the rather superficial Red and the delightful Going Home would be impossible if this were not so. But his sympathy did not lead him to that peculiar position of being at once identified with and detached from the humans that he studied. He is never criminal, judge, and hangman simultaneously—and yet indubitably Gorki. His failure was that he did not speak *as a criminal* but spoke *for them;* and operated, consciously or not, not as an artist and a prophet but as a reporter and a judge.

It seems to me that in Gorki's failure can be found the key to the even more dismal failure of present-day realistic novelists. For as a school they do not even have that sympathy which activated Gorki. They do not ever indicate what Gorki sometimes succeeded in projecting—the unpredictability and the occasional and amazing splendor of the human being. It is a concept which today, and this is understandable, if alarming, is dismissed as mystic or *unreal.* Without the insight into the mainsprings of human needs, desperations, and desires, the concern with squalor remains merely squalid and acts to brutalize the reader rather than to purge him. If literature is not to drop completely to the intellectual and moral level of the daily papers we must recognize the need for further and honest exploration of those provinces, the human heart and mind, which have operated, historically and now, as the no man's land between us and our salvation.

JAMES BALDWIN

God's Angry Men

CRITICS AND CRUSADERS. By Charles A. Madison. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

"THE DEEPEST AMERICAN reality is the American dream. America's business is to transcend business." This thought was admirably expressed by Alfonso Reyes in his "Ultima Thule." It is implicit in Charles A. Madison's volume. "Men of substance and standing," "the well-born, the wealthy, and the wise," may attempt to stem the flood, but this country was born in radicalism, our keynoters were Jefferson and Thomas Paine. The protest recorded by Charles Madison is but the eternal vigilance of the prophets, the watch dogs of the Lord, to keep this country true to its earliest tradition.

Every one of the eighteen portraits is a brief but well-rounded study. But the book is no mere collection; it is particularly well-integrated. The critics and crusaders are divided into six groups, and each section is prefaced by a very valuable study of the common background. The table of contents will give an idea of the richness of thought contained in these pages: The Abolitionists —William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, Wendell Phillips; the Utopians—Margaret Fuller, Albert Brisbane, Edward Bellamy; the Anarchists—Henry David Thoreau, Benjamin R. Tucker, Emma Goldman; the Dissident Economists—Henry George, Brooks Adams, Thorstein Veblen; the Militant Liberals—John Peter Altgeld, Lincoln Steffens, Randolph Bourne; the Socialists—Daniel de Leon, Eugene Victor Debs, John Reed. Some had become a little nebulous—Brisbane, Tucker, Brooks Adams, de Leon, and, until Howard Fast's recent best seller, Altgeld. The classification might be different: Bellamy is a practical Socialist rather than a Utopian; Margaret Fuller and Thoreau might come under the Transcendental movement. But on the whole the scheme is clear, and the work, warm and vivid in its details, is impressive in its total effect.

A comforting book? Hardly. Most of these men ended in failure. On the other hand, many, and some of the boldest, found generous support among the common people. My quarrel with Madison is that in his generosity he sympathizes too heartily with all his heroes. I am a

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With rage in their breasts—having failed to provoke Palestine Jewry into a civil war—the British have sent 100,000 troops, armed in full war regalia, to roam the country-side, the cities and villages of the Holy Land. Innocent men, women and children are being beaten up and homes ransacked under the pretext of suppressing violence.

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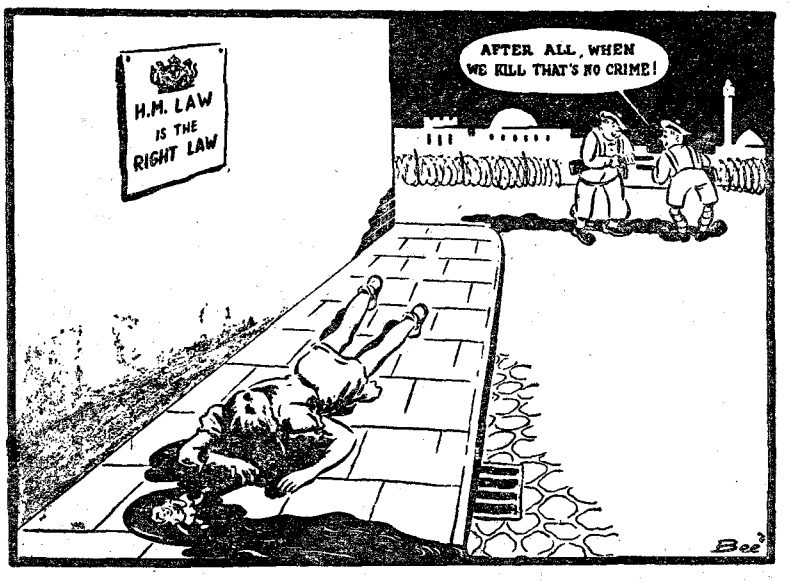

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son of Voltaire. Liberty could say, with the Patriarch: "O Lord! Deliver me from my friends. As for my enemies, I can take care of them." And with Voltaire I believe that we should crush "l'Infâme." "L'Infâme" is fanaticism, a diseased hardening of the will linked with a disease of the mind, dogmatism. "God's Angry Man," whatever he may be angry about, is a scourge to his cause. Hitler too was a "critic and crusader." The racial problem would be nearer a solution today if John Brown had never lived; and Daniel de Leon hampered the growth of Social Democracy, which is true economic freedom.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

A Partial Clarification

THE TRADE OF NATIONS. By Michael A. Heilperin. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS is an expert and on the whole simple exposition of those mysteries which have such forbidding names as international trade, exchange, investment, balances of payments. The author writes in the light of post-war developments, taking into account the plans for exchange stabilization, the international bank, and the proposed international trade organization.

The bias of the book is strongly toward freedom of trade, based as far as possible on competitive free enterprise within the nations. Few will quarrel with the arguments against protective tariffs, dumping, uneconomic subsidies, and monopoly price control. Yet so wedded is the author to classical theory that he scarcely understands the argument for trade controls which are advocated on more social grounds. The import quotas and exchange restrictions originating in the 1930's, for instance, were not due to plain ignorance and original economic sin but were in part measures adopted in dire necessity, as a defense against the results of the depression in the United States—a depression which was felt by the rest of the world through a sudden cessation of American investments and loans, accompanied by a drastic falling off of American orders for goods.

Regardless of how this depression originated—and Mr. Heilperin dodges that issue by calling it international—its effect was so serious on other nations that many of them have become skittish about tying themselves irrevocably to free enterprise of the American sort. They are afraid such a slump will happen again, and want to safeguard themselves if possible. The author might be on solid ground if he set out to prove that insulation from the United States is impossible in the long run, but he will not find much sympathy abroad for the idea that everybody should abandon planning for full employment and rest secure in the benevolent operation of a "free economy." Indeed, he almost goes so far as to imply that the British would be better off if they should give up their present heroic effort to stimulate their export surplus through import restriction and internal regulations. He seems oblivious to the fact that even in traditional theory the automatic adjustments of trade and currency would work only if populations could freely move about. Britain just does not want to lose half its population—nor do we want to receive it.

GEORGE SOULE

Parable for Adults

THE COW-TAIL SWITCH, and Other West African Stories. By Harold Courlander and George Herzog. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE West Africans whose folk tales are retold in this book by Courlander and Herzog may have a limited vocabulary for generalized thinking, but the process itself is vigorous and its expression vivid. Ideas are expressed in direct images, in powerful parables. Image and concept coincide so neatly that the meaning of incident is inherent in the incident itself. The "Cow-Tail Switch" stories are noteworthy examples of wisdom, irony, and craftsmanship.

They demonstrate, also, that often the most striking aspect of a "primitive" culture is not its specific difference but its universality, and its parallelisms with attitudes and beliefs we tend to cherish as the sole property of Western civilization. Many of the tenets and taboos of Christian democracy, for example, obtain also in pagan democracy. Moreover, ideas of truth, justice, immortality, of men's obligations to their fellow-men, as these West African tales show, are not exclusively the white man's burden.

The "Cow-Tail Switch," the title story of the collection, is a parable about immortality in which the word itself never occurs. It tells of the hunter Ogaloussa, who died in the forest. His children went to look for him, and when they found him one of his sons gathered his bones together and put each in its place; another covered the skeleton with sinews and flesh; a third son put breath into the body; a fourth gave him back the power of speech. At the feast to celebrate his return, Ogaloussa rewarded the son who had done most to bring him home—the infant born while he was in the forest whose first words were, "Where is my father?" The people knew Ogaloussa was right. "For a man is not really dead until he is forgotten."

Again, although the word itself is never used, justice is the theme of an ironic little episode between Guinea Fowl and Rabbit. Here justice literally turns on a hair in a sophisticated story that could only result from prolonged thought about the subject. Throughout the book the conversation of men and other animals, frequently so embarrassing, is enlightening or diverting, or both. The song of the little tortoise—"It is man who imposes himself upon things, Not things which impose themselves upon man"—is particularly rewarding, especially for those of us aware of the Stone Age attitudes with which twentieth-century man is approaching those things called atoms.

The "Cow-Tail Switch" stories give us valuable insights into the psychology of West Africans by permitting them to speak for themselves, a courtesy rarely extended to "backward" groups, currently being explained almost to extinction by some of their best friends. And West Africans speak eloquently, with a mastery of fable and fiction whose further study might enrich our own.

Since there are so few stories for adults—and I mean adults—on the market, it is unfortunate that "The Cow-Tail Switch" is listed as a children's book. The absence of sex and polysyllables may account for this decision. But humor, metaphysics, and a good tale well told appeal not only to children but to a number of perceptive adults. This is a book for them. Like

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"Gulliver's Travels" and "Alice in Wonderland," "The Cow-Tail Switch" should be a pleasure to turn and return to from six to sixty.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

Evans Carlson

THE BIG YANKEE. The Life of Carlson of the Raiders. By Michael Blankfort. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

ONE of the extraordinary aspects of American culture is the way in which, for all its latter-day standardization, crassness, and vulgarity, it still manages to produce, from time to time, a man who seems cut from the original pattern, who has about him something of the greatness of a Thoreau, a Lincoln, an Emerson. Such a man is Evans Carlson. And the more one thinks about Carlson, his background and experience, the more difficult it becomes, even with the aid of this excellent biography, to account for his greatness.

His grandfather was a Norwegian forty-niner. His father, Thomas Carlson—really "Thorstein" Carlson—was the "first white child" born in Alpine County, California, then a small mining town in the high Sierras. Growing up on the West Coast, the father studied for the ministry, later graduated from a small theological seminary in New York, and until his retirement in 1944 was a small-town New England minister. About all one learns of the mother, Joetta Evans, is that her lineage may be traced back to one Captain Jack Evans who served on Washington's staff. While Carlson was unquestionably influenced by his father—the only man he ever knew, so he says, who attempted to practice Christianity—the family influence was obviously not decisive. For Carlson, a big gawky youngster none too happy about being a minister's son, ran away from home when he was sixteen and enlisted in the army, giving his age as twenty-two.

With minor interruptions the rest of his career was spent in the armed forces, about the most unlikely background one can think of for the training of a great democrat. After seven years in the army, which he left with the rank of captain, he walked into a Marine Corps recruiting office in 1922 and enlisted as a private. There followed years of routine service at Quantico, in Nicaragua, and in China. On his first assignment in China, Carlson was thirty-one years old, a seasoned officer who believed in the righteousness of his mission and the slogans of dollar diplomacy. After a brief period in the States he was back in China in 1933, and this time his education in things Chinese really began under the tutelage of his new friend, Edgar Snow. After another brief period of service in the States, in command of the Marine guard at Warm Springs, he returned to China, arriving in Shanghai the day the Japanese launched their attack on the city. On this trip he marched 2,000 miles with a detachment of the Chinese Red Army, the first outside military observer to visit the Communist-occupied areas. He was so impressed with what he had seen and with the urgent necessity of terminating the shipments of American materials to Japan that on returning to Hankow he took a long chance and permitted the correspondents to quote him directly in stories which they promptly filed based upon his remarkable experiences. The reaction in Washington was instantaneous: a warning immediately came through that he was not to speak out

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again. Although a promotion to the rank of major had just arrived, he promptly resigned from the service and returned to the States to warn the American people of the imminence of war with Japan, predicting, in an interview on January 30, 1941, that war would come in ninety days.

Out of this curious experience, mostly acquired outside the United States, Carlson emerged a passionate democrat. When he reentered the Marine Corps in April, 1941, he was determined to develop a military unit based upon what he called "ethical indoctrination," a largely self-disciplined unit which would minimize the differences between officers and enlisted personnel. Somehow managing to get permission to put his ideas into practice, he proceeded to organize the famous Second Raider Battalion of Gung Ho fame, which executed the brilliant and strategically important raid on Makin Island. As might have been expected, the unit was entirely too successful, and in 1943 Carlson was replaced as commander and never again, during the rest of the war, was placed in direct command of men. Called together on April 1, 1943, the men of the battalion, many of whom were crying with rage, heard Lieutenant Colonel Alan Shapley, Carlson's successor, bluntly announce that he didn't think much of this Gung Ho business and that he didn't intend to command "a Boy Scout outfit." Thus ended the experiment with "ethical indoctrination" and "democracy" in the Marine Corps.

Back in the States before he took part in the Tarawa engagement and prepared the brilliant plans for the assault on Saipan and Kwajalein, Carlson was tendered a luncheon by Edward C. Carter of the Institute of Pacific Relations at the Downtown Association. Around the room were executives of such companies as the National City Bank, the Chase National Bank, Standard Oil, the Texas Company—many of the same men that Carlson had personally interviewed prior to Pearl Harbor in an effort to stop the shipment of war materials to Japan. But let Mike Blankfort tell the rest of the story:

> Carlson looked around him, and he felt an enormous anger. He thought of those whom he had left behind at Makin and Guadalcanal. He thought of rotting bodies, the drowned men of Makin, the dengue fever, the jungle sores, the vomitous meat.
>
> He moved his hand across the table in front of him and pushed away a dessert dish as if it were poison.
>
> When he looked up again his face was angry.
>
> "I don't know precisely why I am here," he said, "because I stopped talking December 7 largely out of a feeling of frustration occasioned by the fact that I had talked to many of you gentlemen in 1939 and 1940.
>
> "Then I told you of what I was convinced—that the Japanese intended to war on us. And I pleaded with you to stop the stupid practice of arming Japan. You did nothing about it."
>
> He stared back at those staring at him.
>
> "But my friend, Ned Carter, asked me to speak, and I'm glad to accommodate him."
>
> Someone coughed; someone accidentally hit his spoon against a demitasse cup; someone sighed.
>
> "Let me tell you about the return on investments at Makin and Guadalcanal."
>
> And he told them.

Today Carlson is a sick man, living in retirement in a little town on the Oregon coast. On the eve of entering the race for the United States Senate in California, he was stricken with a serious heart ailment and forced to retire. "I've fallen apart like the one-horse shay," he told his friends.

It seems to me that, in telling Carlson's story, Michael Blankfort has written the perfect biography. The story is told with the skill of a brilliant scenarist, as scenes, episodes, and happenings in Carlson's life, beautifully interwoven and put together, are permitted to unfold naturally, as the man might speak. The author, one of Carlson's close personal friends, is surely one of the most inconspicuous of biographers. Throughout the book, one has the feeling that it is Carlson and the Raiders who are telling the story, notably in the remarkable narrative devoted to the raid on Makin Island. However badly Carlson has fared at the hands of the Marine Corps historians—the official history deliberately omits his name from the list of winners of the Legion of Merit—he certainly cannot complain of his present biographer. Carlson, as Rewi Alley has said of him, belongs "to the next age of creative man—man who will master his environment and tear a new furrow into the unknown." The one truly great democrat I have ever known, he is a man in whose presence, in these ragged times, one can still feel some confidence that greatness in human nature is not a myth.

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Films

JAMES AGEE

A FEW more splinters off the backlog.

"Children of Paradise," which Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné produced and directed in France during the war, is close to perfection of its kind and I very much like its kind—the highest kind of slum-glamor romanticism about theater people and criminals, done with strong poetic feeling, with rich theatricality, with a great delight and proficiency in style, and with a kind of sophistication which merely cleans and curbs, rather than killing or smirking behind the back of its more powerful and vulgar elements. All the characters are a little larger and a good deal more wonderful than life—a mime of genius, a fine florid actor, an ego-maniacal criminal, a cold great-gentleman, and the hypnotic gutter-beauty whom they all pursue and, after their varying fashions, possess. The story has a similar slightly over-ripe grandiloquence—a many-triangled study of love and love's numerous poor-relations, it works the world-as-stage-and-vice-versa cliché for all it is worth and does so always with as much elegance and irony as intensity and commitment. The Chaplinesque mime (Jean-Pierre Barrault) is the only depiction of an artist, on the screen, which has fully convinced me of the genius he was supposed to have. Arletty, who plays the female beanbag, is almost as good at making that symbol definitive. The great actor is a little short of size; so is the criminal; so perhaps is the sporting nobleman although he outdid anyone else I have ever seen try it; but on their slightly smaller scale they too are perfect, as is the woman who wrecks the mime's life through her "selfless" love for him—and I suspect that this scaling-down was calculated exactly as it turns out. The miming itself is breathtaking, and there is some flirtatious repartee which delighted me more in its way than anything since the fruitier exchanges in Dumas when I read them at the age of eleven; indeed the whole sexuality of the picture, which assumes that the audience knows all about where babies come from and a good deal about how uniquely dangerous the preliminary activities can be, makes one want to forage through Hollywood and various censors' offices as a sort of improved, not to say dedicated, Jack the Ripper. I do suspect that unless you have a considerable weakness for romanticism, which I assume includes a weakness for the best of its ham, this will seem just a very fancy, skilful movie. But if you have that lucky weakness, I think the picture can be guaranteed to make you very happily drunk.

"The Fabulous Dorseys"—meaning Jimmy and Tommy—is one more musical biography. It has very little to recommend it except that the musicians look and act a little more than usual like musicians.

"The Farmer's Daughter" is a very stale story—the country girl who comes to the metropolis, plants her housemaid's-knee firmly in the sweet-breads of high society, and makes the most of her advantage. This time, however, the bluebloods are also the people who run politics in their state. The story seems surprisingly fresh because everyone involved in making the movie appears to know and care for the sort of people the story is about. Patricians, politicians, even peasants, are portrayed with unusual perception and wit, and Ethel Barrymore, as the head of the house and of her political party, suggests very excitingly what she could do with a similar role written to her size.

"It Happened in Brooklyn" features Frank Sinatra, whom I like, Jimmy Durante, in comparison with whom I would, I am sure, find the millennium a rather chilly formal dance, and a great many affectionate japes about Brooklyn, which I could be much happier without. Aside from Sinatra and Durante the show amounts to practically nothing, but there is a general kindliness about it which I also enjoyed.

I will try briefly to discuss Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible" in the next instalment.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

BY THE time I began to suspect that Victor's March records had gone astray the April records had arrived. They include one of Bach's greatest choral works, the Cantata "Christ lag in Todesbanden," which the Orféo Catalá of Barcelona sang in a recording that has long been out of print, and which now is sung—in German, as it should be—by Robert Shaw's chorus with a small orchestra (Set 1096; $3.75). The performance is good, and seems to have been well-recorded, but comes off the records with disturbing noises and distortions which even a new stylus produces from the poor surfaces, and which even a slightly worn "permanent" stylus aggravates. The German texts are given with English translations.

Another set (1094; $3.85) offers a group of oratorio arias—*Why Do the Nations* from Handel's "Messiah," *Now Heaven in Fullest Glory Shone* from Haydn's "Creation," *Giht mir meinen Jesum wieder* from Bach's St. Matthew Passion, *O God, Have Mercy* from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and *Lord God of Abraham* and *It Is Enough* from his "Elijah"—all sung in English by Norman Cordon, bass, with an orchestra under Sylvan Levin. Mendelssohn's religious music is something I don't care for; and these particular arias of Bach, Handel and Haydn might be more impressive heard in their contexts. The performances are good (except that Cordon finds some of the florid passages a little difficult) and well-reproduced; surfaces are not as quiet as they should be; and there is some wavering pitch. Only the text of the Handel aria is given.

Then Prokofiev's fine Symphony No. 5, performed by Koussevitzky and the

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Boston Symphony (Set 1095; $5.85). The performance is excellent, even with Koussevitzky's characteristically slower tempos in the slow portions which cause me to prefer Rodzinski's performance. The sound of the Boston Symphony is reproduced with warmth and luster that are lacking in the recorded sound of the New York Philharmonic, which however has clarity and distinctness that are lacking in the recorded sound of the Boston Symphony. And the Boston Symphony performance comes off the records with the disturbing noises of very poor surfaces.

And then some of the engaging bits of Handel's music that Beecham has assembled for a projected ballet called "The Great Elopement"—beautifully performed by the London Philharmonic under his direction, but reproduced with insufficient brightness (Set 1093; $3.85).

Rimsky-Korsakov's engaging "Russian Easter" Overture, which most of us know as sensationalized and falsified by Stokowski's performances, has been recorded by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra for Columbia (Set X-276; $3). The performance is good; the recorded sound only fair: soft passages and those for solo instruments, including the solo violin, are remarkably distinct in space; but the massed violins are barely heard in big sonorities that are spacious but lack the warmth and luster they had in the Academy of Music.

The same orchestra, playing as the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra, is conducted by Mitropoulos from the piano in Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 (Set 667; $4). Hearing the work after a number of years I like it even more than I did; and the performance seems excellent. The orchestra and piano sound good individually—though the one lacks the warmth and luster, and the other the rich resonance it should have; but in concerted passages the orchestra sounds too far back of the piano.

Hearing Sibelius's Fourth Symphony after a number of years recalls to mind the incredible nonsense that was written about those pretentious snorts of the brass, those ominous drum-rolls, those wild cries of the woodwinds, which I find as unconvincing now as I did then. Rodzinski's performance with the New York Philharmonic seems good, and is well recorded—though again without the warmth and luster that it had in Carnegie Hall (Set 665; $5).

I have just had an instructive experience with some second-hand records that I bought from an English dealer who announces his willingness to purchase unwanted records "in fiber-played condition," who lists a "slightly steeled" copy of a recording at half the price of a presumably "fiber-played" copy, who stocks several brands of thorn needles but none of steel, and who in all this illustrates the prevailing English idea that playing records with thorn needles prevents the wear that is caused by use of steel needles. That idea is a delusion which the English—and many Americans—continue to enjoy because the thorn not only destroys the recording but conceals its destruction: its inability to reproduce sounds of high frequencies prevents the frightful noises of filed-down grooves that came from the records when I played them with a wide-range jewel-point Brush pickup or even with a Zenith that cuts off at 4,000 or 5,000 cycles.

And finally I have just received Victor's announcement that it will release next year a recording of Handel's "Messiah" recently made in England by Beecham, which is "the only uncut version . . . ever recorded."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Edits Du Bois Papers

Dear Sirs: The undersigned is engaged in editing the letters and papers of William Edward Burghardt Du Bois. Will those having such manuscripts please communicate with me at 1015 Washington Avenue?

HERBERT APTHEKER

Brooklyn, March 26

Help for Anti-fascists

Dear Sirs: Thousands of devoted democrats and sincere anti-fascists who have survived concentration camps are in need of our help and encouragement.

Here is what your readers can do:

1. "Adopt" an anti-fascist and send food directly. The International Solidarity Committee, Room 516, 303 Fourth Avenue, will send you a name and address and shipping instructions.

2. Contribute for food and medicine. (The excellent CARE package is now only $10.)

These brave men and women are our allies in the fight for a better world. It is our opportunity and privilege to help them.

ROY L. REUTHER

New York, March 27

"Write Makes Might"

Dear Sirs: As the Eightieth Congress proceeds, with the reins of leadership in the hands of reactionaries, many liberals are left with a feeling of complete helplessness and confusion.

The Committees of Correspondence offer one easy solution. Named for the committees which, in 1772, proved an effective organ of early American patriots for demanding freedom rather than tyranny, this organization endeavors to bring mass action to the cause of democracy.

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Use your rights and your voice, and remember the slogan of the Committees of Correspondence — "Write Makes Might."

MARGARET E. WEINSTOCK

Brooklyn, April 5

UNRRA Was Careful

Dear Sirs: In your March 1 issue Leigh White, reviewing George Moorad's "Behind the Iron Curtain," says, "Those who still doubt that American relief has been systematically misappropriated for

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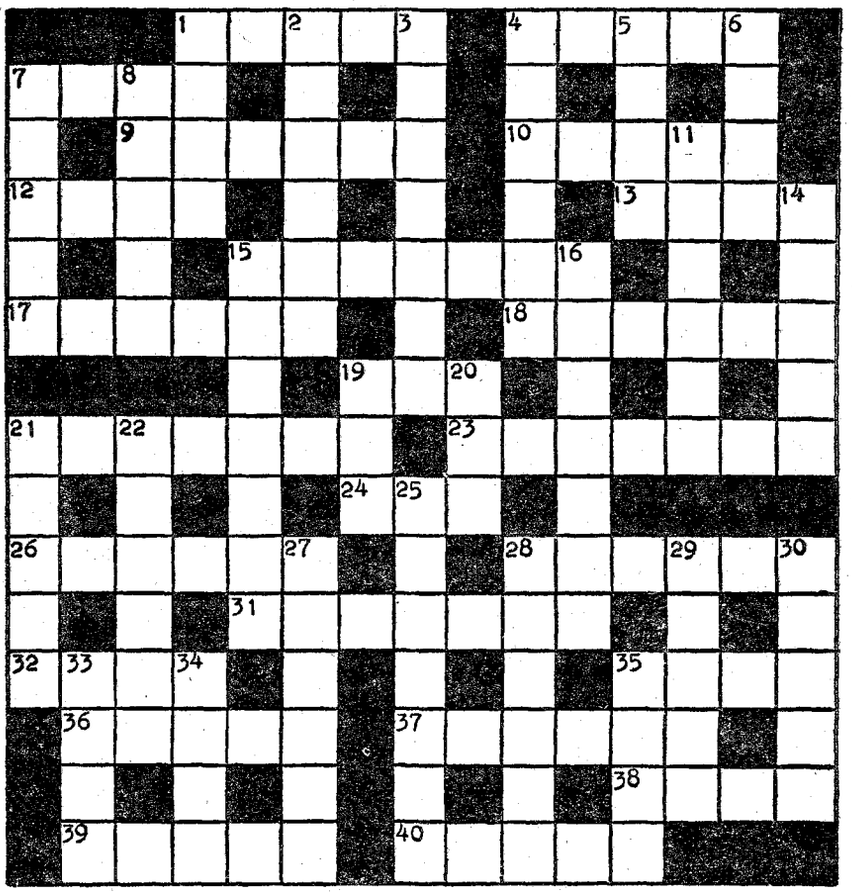
Crossword Puzzle No. 207

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 She is not quite normal
4 On some we depend for power, others we sweep away
7 Where it is pleasant to be
9 You see me about twice in this representation
10 French preparatory school
12 Stir
13 American pirate of some repute
15 Keeping nothing tied up
17 She is a sort of sewing-bee
18 A lemon's perhaps the answer, but it's no joke
19 A high tone
21 Many of its occupants get cured
23 Chanter
24 Lamb's father
26 A sad eel is let out
28 Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law
31 N. C. O.'s
32 Turns to account
35 Thin skin
36 Luke finds it a little more than this
37 London's broadest thoroughfare
38 Collection of hunters
39 Money comes to him
40 May be had for a song from a merchant

DOWN

1 A nobody
2 Re-leases
3 Voltaire thought it as well to kill one from time to time to encourage the others
4 Watery fruit
5 The devil of a time
6 Doff
7 Celebrated—but not the man who runs the magazine
8 Raced for the tree
11 Irish form of Helen
14 Might be a Harvard fellow or—the Granta
15 Not an owl, but another wise bird (4-3)
16 You get them in the neck
19 The very atmosphere of Scotland
20 He is big enough to tell the time
21 Caroline archipelago island group
22 Chin whiskers
25 Not one from whom you would expect much indulgence
27 Draw idly
28 African animal
29 Something for Oliver's pipe rather than Roland's horn
30 A wandering friend of Pythias turns up
33 Watch your ----, son
34 Scottish river
35 Gab or slug

□—□—□—□

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 206

ACROSS:—1 DRAPER; 5 IMPRESS; 10 SAFETY-PIN; 11 INURE; 12 DUELIST; 13 REALIST; 14 SMASH; 16 BARMECIDE; 18 ROUNDHEAD; 20 GENII; 22 DECORUM; 24 EUNUCHS; 26 ELLEN; 27 DISCERNED; 28 SORCERY; 29 SPLASH.

DOWN:—1 RIFLE; 3 PETTISH; 4 REPUTABLE; 5 INNER; 6 PRIVATE; 7 ERUDITION; 8 SHEATHE; 9 ASIDES; 15 AVUNCULAR; 17 REDRESSES; 18 REDNESS; 19 DURANCE; 20 GENTEEL; 21 INSIDE; 23 MIDDY; 25 CONES.

political purposes by the Soviet Union and its satellites may be less skeptical if they read Moorad's report of what happened to the Red Cross supplies we shipped to Poland during the war."

I cannot comment from experience in other countries, nor do I know in detail about Red Cross work, but I can comment upon UNRRA's shipment of approximately $250,000,000 of relief and rehabilitation supplies to the Ukraine and Byelorussia, almost three-quarters of which was American in origin. UNRRA has had missions in both the Ukraine and Byelorussia for over a year, totaling nearly thirty persons, chiefly American. The members of these missions have traveled up and down western Russia discharging their duties as official observers of the distribution of such relief and have obtained no evidence of any misappropriation. In fact, the distribution was considered to be carefully regulated, swift, and efficient.

Mr. White indicated in his review that his experience was confined to Moscow. In 1946 for several months I had offices in Kiev and Odessa. I also made inspection trips to Kharkov, Dniepropetrovsk, Zaporozhe, Zhitomir, Poltava, Kremenchug, Lwow, and Minsk, and I made several trips to Moscow. Other members of UNRRA have gone to other parts of western Russia. Furthermore, American correspondents have made two trips through these areas to report on UNRRA activities. I have never seen or heard any claim that there was any misappropriation of any of the thousands of tons of UNRRA goods, chiefly food, which was so desperately needed in that area.

MARSHALL MacDUFFIE,
Formerly Chief of UNRRA Mission to the Ukraine

New York, March 27

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